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THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER," "VIVIA: OR, THE SECRET OF POWER," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NAME UTTERED BY HUGH HAWK.

The last, the last, the last—
Last stage of living lamb—
Last look of living eyes—
Last words of dying lips. ANON.

On the eighth of January the sun arose over a wild winter scene. The snow that had been falling fast for the three preceding days, now covered the earth to the depth of two feet. The clouds had all dispersed, and the unblemished whiteness of the ground, under the unclouded flame of the sunshine, was perfectly dazzling. It was the morning of the trial. Mr. Dalmain arose early, and was soon afterwards joined by his wife. He had dressed himself with his accustomed careful attention to propriety, in his favorite costume, a suit of clerical black, relieved by delicate lines in his fine, cream-black hair; he was upon the left side, and swept off freely from his broad forehead, now somewhat blanched by anxiety and confinement. An ample black cloth cloak, lined with sable, hung upon his left shoulder, and was partly gathered upon his left arm. In his right hand he held his black beaver hat.

Honora wore a black silk dress, and black velvet mantilla and bonnet, and a black lace veil—the darkness of her costume relieved by a delicate white lace collar and cuffs, and white kid gloves.

Tasteful, becoming, and appropriate as was their costume, it had been assumed by each without an instant's thought. Only Ned, Honora knew enough of more important matters to occupy their minds, and the attention to appearance was a mere mechanical matter of habit. Yet they were a handsome, stately, imposing couple as they stood together—he holding her hand, gazing in her face, and murmuring, in grave tones—

"A fortnight ago to-day, my sweet Honora, I arose the *happiest* man in America—for it was to be our wedding-day, and now——"

"You are required to be the *bravest*, as you are assuredly, by one hour at least, the most repented and the most beloved," said Honora, finishing his sentence, with a voice and look of high encouragement.

"May the Lord bless you and reward you, my own brave wife !"

"May He save us both! And now, while we have the opportunity, let us kneel and pray for His presence in the coming trial!"

In the prison cell, beside the prison cot, they knelt and implored the Father to look down through the coming day; to guard them from all evil, to guide them into all good, to strengthen their weakness, to enlighten their darkness; to comfort them in affliction, or bless them in joy; to direct them in all emergencies, and especially to them every event; to give them a happy delivery out of all their troubles, and to save them everywhere, through His mercy in the Divine Redeemer.

"And now, whatever be the issue of this day, beloved one, we shall know that it is all for the best!" said Mr. Dalmain, as they arose from their knees.

Approaching steps, and a rap at the cell door, followed by the turning of the key, announced the arrival of the sheriff, to conduct the prisoner to the court.

On entering the cell, Mr. Harrison bowed very lowly to the lady, and respectfully intimated his errand to the prisoner.

"We are ready to attend you, sir," said Mr. Dalmain, drawing the arm of his wife within his own, and gathering up the folds of his ample cloak.

"Bail will, Madam accompany us?" asked the sheriff.

"It is her desire, sir, if there is no objection."

"Oh! assuredly not."

Preceded by the sheriff, and followed by a couple of bailiffs, Mr. Dalmain, with Honora, gravely walked and hanging on his arm, left the prison and passed out into the street. It was the second or first day since his committal that he had set foot outside the prison enclosure.

Severe as the weather had been, impeded as the roads were, the village was full of strangers, drawn together by the thrilling interest of the approaching trial; and the village street was crowded with coaches, buggies, gigs, sleighs, saddle horses, etc., and thronged with foot passengers—all making their way towards the court-house.

Those were not the days of subterfuges, cheap wood cuts, and illustrated newspapers; the faces of the prisoner, his wife, the sheriff, and "all concerned," were not familiar as "household" forms to every stranger in town; therefore Mr. and Mrs. Dalmain, with their escort, passed unmolested through the crowd to the court-house, which was situated one square above the prison, on the same side of the street.

The space before the building, the stairs, the portico, the passage leading to the court-room, and the court-room itself, were densely thronged with an eager and expectant multitude.

Here, the sheriff, being obliged to exercise his official authority to have a way cleared through the crowd, his identity and that of the prisoner and of his companion became suspected, and a great tumult arose among the excited spectators, anxious to get a view of the party. And it was some time before the constables succeeded in making a way for the prisoner through the press of people that filled the court-room, to the place appointed for him.

During the preliminary forms of the trial, Mr. Dalmain remained seated in front of the bench, leaving his counsel on his right hand, and his wife on his left. He sat with his form erect, his head raised and slightly thrown back, his large cloak falling from his shoulders, his proud gaze calmly regarding the proceedings of the court, or the persons of the spectators. Honora sat still and silent beside him, with her black lace veil dropped before her pale face.

On the bench the celebrated Judge Watts presided.

The State's Attorney was the distinguished John Henry Cole; associated with him in the prosecution was the no less eminent Peter Cavaliere.

Opposed to them, for the defense, were Messrs. Jaxte, Wright, and Strom, all then rising young lawyers, and two of them men of world-wide fame in the science of jurisprudence.

Among the sea of heads, around, behind, and on each side of him, the prisoner recognized many friends, acquaintances and relatives from the country, and several of his colleagues and companions from the city of Washington. Some among them returned his glance by a bow of friendly recognition, while others looked up, down, to the right, or to the left, to avoid meeting his eye. The former charitably hoped in his innocence, the latter gloomily believed in his guilt.

While Mr. Dalmain was making these observations, the business of the court was proceeding. From a panel of two hundred persons, a jury of twelve was with difficulty formed. When these were duly sworn in, the prisoner was arraigned by the usual formula and the indictment—charging Godfrey Farquhar Dalmain, of the County of Rappahannock, with the wilful and felonious murder of Hugh Haver, of said County, by the cutting of his throat with a razor, on the morning of the 18th of December, 18—, was read. Then the clerk of the court, addressing the prisoner, asked—

"Godfrey Farquhar Dalmain, how say you—are you guilty or not guilty of the felony with which you are indicted?"

Mr. Dalmain, who was standing with his stately form drawn up to its haughtiest height, his large cloak hanging gracefully from one shoulder, and thrown up on his arm, and his right hand resting on the bar, answered calmly, almost scornfully—

"Not Guilty."

"How will you be tried?"

"By God and my country," replied the prisoner, with dignity, folding his garment around him, and resuming his seat.

The prosecuting attorney, Cole, arose, and opened the indictment. He said: Incredible as the statement might appear, that a crime of such atrocious nature as set forth in the indictment they were about to try, could be perpetrated by a man of such distinguished reputation as the prisoner at the bar, yet by the testimony about to be offered, he should place the fact, beyond the shadow of a doubt; that the testimony was so clear, so consecutive, so conclusive, that it would need no art in its arrangement, no logic in its presentation, no eloquence in its illustration; that he should offer nothing but the simple, overwhelming, and convicting facts. He then proceeded to make a statement of the circumstances that led to the arrest of the prisoner, and with which the reader is too well acquainted to need the repetition here.

The prisoner and his counsel were attentive to this indictment with undisturbed attention and unshaken firmness. Only Honora, at the most distressing section of the charge, slipped her hand into that of Godfrey, who pressed her fingers and held them closely.

At the close of his speech, the state's attorney proceeded to call the witnesses for the prosecution. It had been his intention to place Agnes Darke first upon the stand, as the first discoverer of the murder. But the extreme agitation of the poor girl, who sat, clothed in deep mourning, closely veiled, and cowering between Mrs. Willoughby and Dr. Dalmain, rendered it expedient to give her time to recover her composure. And the state's attorney proceeded with the next witness, who was equally well fitted to lead off the prosecution.

Dr. John Henry, neighbor of the deceased, being duly sworn, testified that a long estrangement had existed between the prisoner at the bar and the deceased; that the deceased had made a will in which he had cut off the prisoner with a shilling, and left the whole of his vast property to the wife now; that after the funeral of the deceased the will could nowhere be found; and that consequently the prisoner came into the undisputed possession of the patrimonial estate. Being cross-examined, he admitted that there had been a reconciliation between the deceased and the prisoner upon the day preceding the murder, and that the deceased had manifested his intention to make a new will in equal favor of the prisoner and the witness—a plan approved by all the three concerned. He further testified to having left the deceased in his usual health, at four o'clock, on the afternoon preceding the murder. He was then allowed to sit down.

The next witness called was Mrs. Henry, who, pale, trembling and half fainting, was placed at the stand. She corroborated her husband's testimony in every particular; and then, in pity of her state, was permitted to retire without cross-examination.

The third witness, Hayhurst, the overseer, or farm manager, late in the employment of the deceased, being sworn, testified to the midnight alarm, the gathering at the house, the finding of the dead body, the condition of the room, etc. No severe cross-examination failed either to weaken the old Scots or to elicit new ones; and so he was suffered to retire.

The next two witnesses were the wife and son of the preceding, and corroborated his testimony under the first statement and the cross-examination.

Then Dr. Haley, placed upon the stand and sworn, testified to being summoned to Hawe's Hole on the morning of the 19th of December; to the finding of the dead body; the condition of the room; the persons present, etc.; gave a report of the post-mortem examination of the body, the nature, character and extent of the wound, the name of the death, etc.; and being cross-examined without other results, was permitted to retire.

Then Colonel Shannon, being called and duly sworn, testified to the finding of the body; the state of the room; the company present, etc.; was cross-examined without effect, and suffered to retire.

The next witness gave but a repetition of the late evidence.

Housedoe, the hunter, was then summoned to the stand. He testified to the early hour, 4 o'clock, the finding of the blood-stained clothing, the razor, bullets and other personal effects bearing the name of the prisoner. The police officers to whom he had at once carried the packet, corroborated his testimony.

Dr. Henry, being recalled, identified the garments as those worn by the prisoner at the Christmas dinner preceding the murder.

During the examination and cross-examination of the witness, Honora had sunk her head and her hand to fall if dropped in that room, so deep was the silence, so fixed the situation, so intense the interest.

As pale, as firm and as motionless as a pair of marble statues sat the prisoner and his wife—her hand clasped in his—their eyes fixed upon the witness or the prosecuting attorney.

But when the name of Agnes Darke was called, and the beautiful girl, clothed in deep mourning, moved slowly forward to the stand, and, putting aside her veil, stood with down-cast eyes, whose long black lashes rested upon colorless cheeks deeply shadowed by thick clouds of clear ringlets, the silence deepened, the attention became more fixed, the interest more painful. Being sworn, the maiden was addressed by the state's attorney:

"My child, look upon the prisoner at the bar."

Agnes turned, and sent one quick, and quickly withdrawn, glance at the face of Godfrey Dalmain. The blood rushed in torrents, crimsoning her brows, and then, retreating, left it paler than before; a shudder passed through her whole frame; the perspiration burst in great drops from her forehead; she uttered, heaved forward upon the railing for support, and cast an imploring gaze into the face of the judge. That high officer did not speak, but his answering look said plainly:

"My child, you cannot help yourself, nor can we help you: you must perform your painful duty."

"A glass of water," said Dr. Helm.

A bailiff brought the required refreshment, and the doctor himself poured forward, and placed it to the lips of the witness, saying encouragingly:

"My dear Agnes, be firm, I entreat you."

She quaffed the water, and returned the glass. Dr. Helm retreated, and the state's attorney said:

"Now, witness, you have looked upon the prisoner at the bar; do you know him?"

"I do, sir," answered Agnes, in an expiring voice, without raising her eyes from the floor.

"Tell the jury, then, all that you know in regard to the crime for which he stands indicted."

Agnes convulsively clasped her hands, threw up an imploring glance at the bench, then, with a desperate throe, and being again urged by the state's attorney, she commenced in a trembling voice:

"On the night of the 18th of December, at ten o'clock, I left out Mr. Godfrey Dalmain, who had been dining and spending the evening with the deceased and myself at Hawe's Hole——"

"Stop, witness. Did you notice what clothes were worn by the prisoner at the time you left him out?"

"He wore the cloak he now wears. I do not know what he wore under that."

"Do you know what clothes he had on at the Christmas dinner upon the day in question?"

"Yes, sir."

"What were they?"

"A black cloth dress-coat and pantaloons, and a black satin vest."

"Take this suit in your hands, and examine it well. Is this the same worn by the prisoner at the Christmas dinner?" inquired the prosecutor, placing the blood-stained garments before the witness.

"Yes, sir, this is the same," replied Agnes, after a careful examination of the clothing.

"Did you see the prisoner again after the house?"

"Sir, I could not see what he wore under his cloak when he left the house."

"Have you any reason to suppose he changed his clothing between the hour of retiring to Mr. Hawe's room and that of his leaving the house?"

"No, sir, I have no reason to suppose he did."

"Go on, then, with your statement, Miss Agnes."

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last words of the dying man, charging me with his murder?"

Yet that most eloquent look!—that look of undying, unswerving, ineffable trust!

"Now may the Lord from heaven clear you, my wife—my wife—for your faith is my greatest stay in this most bitter hour!"

With a gesture of adoring confidence she raised the head that held hers, and pressed it to her heart.

"But, sweet Heaven, you, son of all this world, the only one who has faith in my innocence!" he said, sorrowfully.

"If it be so, it is because I am the only one who knows you thoroughly, as why should I not? Am I not your second self?—the truest of your friends?"

"And soul of my soul! spirit of my spirit! life of my life! Yes, you are all these; my own—my own!" he said, gathering her to his bosom. Then after a few moments, he added—

"Honora, you have great firmness!"

"When you demand it of me—yes, yes! What ever you require of me I have, or by God's grace, will acquire! Test my firmness."

"Hear me, then, my firmness," he said, with deep solemnity. "I shall be convicted."

Without divine interposition," she reverently replied.

"And after conviction I shall be—executed?"

"Without divine interposition!—yes," she repeated.

"Honora!—my Honora!—the days of miracles are past."

"But not of *divine interposition!*" she reiterated. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Oh! let us appeal to Him."

Leaving this most unhappy couple to the sacred privacy of their sorrow, we will look into the village-street, to discover the cause of the great stir. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour—now near sunset—the testimony of the whole town—the ill condition of the roads, neighboring farmers, who should have been on their way homeward, strange-looking men, who had been conducted housed in lodgings, and villagers who would have been safer by their own firesides, had gathered into groups at the corners, or loitering before the shop doors or lingering in front of the tavern-house, or of the hotel, earnestly engaged in the discussion of the trial. There was but one opinion—a general belief in the prisoner's guilt—and but one expectation—a unanimous prophecy of his hopelessly conviction and speedy execution. And true as sad it is to say, that the majority of those present looked forward to the trial as to the remaining scenes of the passing reality with more zest than they could have felt in anticipating the witnessing of the successful act of some fine play.

At ten o'clock the next morning the court met. The room was, if possible, more crowded, and with a more eager audience, than upon the preceding day.

A few minutes after ten the prisoner, accompanied by his wife, was brought in.

As before, they were conducted to seats beside Mr. Dulanie's counsel, immediately in front of the bench. As soon as they had sat down, Godfrey Dulanie raised himself in the prisoner's box at the rail, and threw secret to them then saw how pale and worn they had become since the previous day.

The business of the trial proceeded. Again Dorbo had been the last witness examined, by the prosecution. The counsel for the defense, after waiving his privilege of cross-examining this deponent, arose and opened the defense.

The gentlemen of the jury had heard, he said, the indictment charging his client with a crime as unnatural, as atrocious, as improbable, that no one looking now upon his face, would, upon any evidence less forcible than that of their own eyes, believe him guilty. They had farther heard, he continued, the testimony brought forward to sustain that indictment—testimony which, however weighty it might be made to appear by the skill of the learned brother, was at the very best but circumstantial evidence, the least to be trusted, the most uncertain, the most dangerous of the thousands of jurisprudence, and light as lowly itself when cast in the opposite scale with the life of a man not my the distinguished position, brilliant talents and splendid career of his client, but with the inexpressible character of Godfrey Dulanie himself, he enlarged upon the many eminent and well known virtues of the prisoner, upon his many years well-authenticated instances of his strict integrity, severe benevolence, and generous, noble, and manly circumstances calculated to severely test those shining qualities. Should a chain of merely circumstantial evidence, however strong, have power to rob a man with the character of sterling honor, disinterested charity, and high moral integrity, universally conceded to his client? Forbid it, justice!

Then he admonished on the nature, history, and tendency of circumstantial evidence in general, and citing several celebrated cases in particular, in which guiltless persons had perished under testimony more convincing and more direct and destructive than any that had been brought against his client. He instanced the well-known case of Eugene Aram, Cree, Bradford, Shaw, and several others, all clearly convicted and incontinently executed for crimes committed and afterwards confessed by others.

These instances of the fatal fallibility of circumstantial evidence were of such as had appeared to come to our knowledge, he said, and how many of the innocent had suffered instead of the guilty, without any overt means of bringing to save their lives, or afterwards to vindicate their honor, no one knew but the Lord, or could know until the day of the Judgment.

It behooved jurors, then, to be very cautious in giving any weight to such evidence, and more than the criminating circumstances were left unexplained, as they should not be in the case of his client; for he was about to offer an explanation, which, taken conjointly with the high character of Mr. Dulanie, would not only answer every charge against him, but would compel a triumphant vindication. The jury, he confidently anticipated, would, before leaving their seats, return a verdict in his client's favor. But the strictest proof, the elucidation of the opposite testimony. The prosecutor, he said, had made a great point of the extravagances existing between the prisoner's and Dorbo's statements, and should prove by a most important witness that had been used *for the prosecution*, that the estrange ment had ceased, and that the reconciliation had been complete. He should call his witnesses, he said, at each point of his statement which he wished them to prove.

He then requested that Miss Agnes Darbo should take the stand.

Agnes came forward, pale and trembling as before; but being questioned as to the state of feeling between the prisoner and the deceased up to the day of his death, she recovered her spirits, and testified with sincerity to the perfect reconciliation and warm regard between Mr. Hugh Hove and his grandson, Godfrey Dulanie. She was then permitted to retire.

Mr. Wright resumed his argument. The learned prosecutor, he went on, had made, or endeavored to make, a very salient point of the supposition circumstance that his client had been opposed to the proposed will of the deceased, and had shown power by another witness who had been called for the prosecution, that not only was Mr. Dulanie entirely conversant in the plan of that will, but that after the funeral of the deceased, when the will could no where be found, as it probably never had had an existence, he—his client—had declared himself bound by its unsigned and simply upon the word of the prisoner and wanted proof. Acute and logical reasoning, eminently marked his powerful persuasion, and he sat down amid a deep and anxious silence.

The counsels for the defense continued his argument. The finding of the blood-stained garments, babies, handkerchief, razor, and other articles identified as the property of his client, seemed a very strong piece of circumstantial evidence, but how very weak before the force of truth. That those garments had been worn, and those bloodstained articles used by the real murderer, no one one could doubt; but that murderer was not the prisoner at the bar. The latter had gone to bed at eleven, and had left them hanging up in his dressing-room, when he left the house at ten o'clock at night.

Here he re-called Agnes Darbo, who testified that the prisoner, upon leaving the room and chamber before he o'clock, had gone into his dressing-room, where he had remained quite long enough to have changed his clothes.

The attorney for the prosecution, he said, that the real murderer, with purpose aforethought to conceal himself and implicate another in the crime, had stolen into the house by the back door, fire had seen the suit of clothes on the wall; had selected his own garments from them, had put on the dark dood, and then, to clear himself of all signs of guilt, had gone to the pump-trough, and washed the blood-stained suit where they were afterwards found.

Here was, he said, a final piece of evidence to be overthrown—that of Miss Agnes Darbo, in regard to the time when she passed the door, and heard the discovery of the murder. First, as to what time she passed the door, and heard the cries of alarm. Mr. Godfrey Dulanie, escaping from the window. Now the fact was, that she saw a man of the size which she recognized as Mr. Godfrey Dulanie's, on the person of a man where she could have no possible motive for flight, escaping from by the window.

The young girl here evinced more fear than she had before during this second appearance.

"Witness, you said that upon entering the chamber of Mr. Hove immediately after the murder, you saw a man hurrying out through the window, and that you knew him, by clothes, to be Mr. Godfrey Dulanie. Now be good enough to tell us how you knew him."

"By his size and his suit of clothes, which was the same that Mr. Dulanie wore at the Christmas dinner that day."

"Then you did not see his face?"

"No, sir; for he escaped before I got out of the window."

"So you see, gentlemen of the jury, what this overwhelming item in the circumstantial evidence dwindles down to. The young lady saw—a suit of clothes! I propose, in defense of my client, to call another young friend, that the guilty suit of clothes was not those worn by the man who was the young lady supposed she saw; now for what the fact is. She heard the cries of alarm, and the declaration—Oh, Agnes my grandson, Godfrey Dulanie, has done this!' Damning testimony against the prisoner, you will say? Let us see if it be! And let us closely attend while the witness answers the following questions. Witness, you say that at the time you heard the half-connected cry of murder, and the half-connected words, you were standing before your own, did you hear any one speak?"

"No, sir."

"No one spoke?"

"No, sir."

"*Did* any one spoken in that room below, would you have heard it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know?"

"Because the planks of my floor are warped with age, and the slamming of the window-sash as it broken is many places; so every word could be distinctly heard from the room below to that above."

"Ah! gentlemen of the jury! notice this fact—no word was heard! *Let us see if it be!* And *let us see what a close one!* Witness! when you struck a light and went down into that chamber, was there any sound in the room?"

"No, sir."

"It was totally dark, then?"

"Until I brought the candle it had been so, sir, except for the last light that was shining through on the breath of Mr. Dulanie's chamber-room which was adjoining the door between being open."

"Notice, gentlemen, the struggle with the unknown murderer must have been raising and destructive than any that had been brought against his client. He instanced the well-known case of Cree, Bradford, Shaw, and several others, all clearly convicted and incontinently executed for crimes committed and afterwards confessed by others.

These instances of the fatal fallibility of circumstantial evidence were of such as had appeared to come to our knowledge, he said, and how many of the innocent had suffered instead of the guilty, without any overt means of bringing to save their lives, or afterwards to vindicate their honor, no one knew but the Lord, or could know until the day of the Judgment.

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"*Had

THERESE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

And to the winds of midnight blow
Across her bosom's chilly snow
And yet she lingers on the shore,
Her woman-ha heart will come no more.

Ah! hark! And who, alas, was he
For whom she watches wearily—
Night after night—beside the deep,
Where solar sunbeams are asleep?

He was a youth of jun such mold
As are his martial gods of old,
With careless curls of midnight hue,
And dreamy eyes of deepest blue.

A poet, fancy, and young,
Who brought a light gay song and sang
His own impassioned strains at night,
Till he became her life and light.

Then said, Farewell, and passed away;
And there are those who dare to say
That, though he wrecked her bosom's peace,
He could, and did, forget Therese.

And that a lady, pale she rose,
Was by his charms and motions,
Induced to lose her old-time head,
And heart, faith, gain, and land.

And others tell that to her fires,
Soon, when a fearful midnight storm
Convulsed the waves, went down to sleep
In the twin bosom of the deep.

And others say in last was seen
On Alpine highs, by a ravine;
And that his memorials gained declare
He's entered among the rude rocks there.

And others you may be so misled,
All bathed in blood, cold on the ground,
In the Rue Pravel's fearful chasm,
Pierced over by a brigand's blade.

Wherever he be—above, below—
That much is all that we may know;
That she will wait, through dark and rain,
And Adam will ever agree.

THE COLONEL'S WILL.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I sat in my office one morning, engaged in making out a brief. I was young in the profession, and was laboring the utmost I could upon the progressions for my virgin efforts. I had been in practice only a year, but yet I fancied myself that I knew as much as the average lawyer could do in the work. I was just leaning back in the endeavor to find the most telling arrangement for a succession of brilliant ideas which had flashed upon me, when I heard a step upon the stairs. I wished the intruder to Gollota, or in the Celsus with a knapsack on his back and a score of Russian cossacks at his heels.

But the door was opened, and in came Harry Hazard. My ideas were all scattered, and the half-formed arrangement knocked into pi, as the printers say. But what did he come up stairs for? I looked at him of Harry Topham, my ill feelings were blown to the winds.

Harry had been my school-mate in boyhood, and my classmate in youth. We graduated from college together, and when I went into the practice of law he turned his attention to the medical profession. He threw himself into a chair with a deep sigh, and then gazed into my face with one of the most woe-begone expressions I ever saw.

"Mercy on me! Hal, what's the matter?" I gried, for I had never seen such a cloud on his genial face before.

"Matter enough," he replied, mournfully. "The old colonel's will has been opened."

"And Julia comes in for the bulk of the property," said I.

"Not so," he rejoined. "It all goes to Allan Aubrey—every word of it. Only think, Charley, how kind the old man was to me, even up to the last moment; and think how Julia wished upon him, and nursed him, and attended to his every want. He too bad!"

For once moment I was too much astonished to speak. I had known Colonel Aubrey well, having visited there often while Harry. He was an old man, and had been failing for some years, having only continued a frail thread to Julia. For over a year he had known that he could not get well, and hence his business had been all arranged. The only boy near relative he had was Julia, and Allan Proveut, the daughter of his only sister; and Allan Aubrey, who was the son of Mark Aubrey, who was born more orphan, and the colonel had given him a bound himself in the world. Allan Aubrey had inherited some property from his father, but it had been all squandered, and he had managed to get some pretty rough knocks in the stock nocks. He was a reckless fellow, though I had never supposed his reckless nature was of any great crime, for I did not think he had the courage to commit one.

Julia Proveut had been with her uncle for several years, and had been like an own child to him. He never had a family of his own, and so he had only had second to center in his gentle nieces. A year before he had made a will, and all will were at his decision now himself, his attorney, and the witnesses, yet we all supposed he had bequeathed the bulk of his property to Julia. He knew Allan's evil habits, and he had frequently intimated that he would not trust him with property.

"But," said I, after I had got the subject fairly comprehended, "are you sure that was his last will?"

"Yes—the sole heir. The will has been opened and read."

"But there must be some mistake," I resumed. "I am sure Colonel Aubrey never meant any such thing. Moses Borden drew up the will, didn't he?"

"Yes—and has since died."

"But the witnesses to that will—where are they?"

"They were all officers who had been in Julia's service, and who, with the exception of the Colonel—and perhaps all dead, now, are this."

"Then there may not be a soul living who really knew what the contents of that will were at the time it was made."

"Just so," responded Harry, with a groan. "It's too bad. I didn't think the old man would have done so."

"But Allan," said I; "she does not change with this?"

Harry's countenance fell.

"Ah!" he said, "she is a curious girl. She says she will never be anybody's wife but mine, but she won't be married now. For herself she is willing to work, even as a servant, but she will not help drag me down to pecuniary degradation. She tells me frankly that her great source of joyful anticipation has been the thought that she should be able to help me along in my profession, and thus raise me to a position of honor and comfort. But now that she is penniless, or nearly so, she will not add to my burden, as she calls it. She says I must work—work—and she will do the same; and if, at some future time, we are able to make a home with some prospect of comfortable, she will be my wife, with a love unchanged."

"She is right," said I. "You have no money, and have just commenced to practice, and Julia knows that the care of a family now would involve you in difficulty, not only pecuniarily, but in retarding your progress in your profession."

He was about to make some reply, when one of my clients accosted me business, and Harry took his leave, remarking, in a whisper, that he visited I would see Julia.

During the rest of that day I was very busy; but when night came, and I had retired to my lodgings, I called up the subject of my friend's misfortune. I pondered upon it for a long time, and the more I pondered, the more I became oppressed with a suspicion of foul play; I had not thought of this at first, but I thought of it now.

While I sat by my window, a party of young men, two of whom occupied a room directly over mine, came in, and commenced an instrumental concert above my head. At another time I might have been entertained by the music, but it was a bore now, and I took my hat and walked out. I had gone but a short distance when a man passed me with a hurried, uneven step. A neighboring gas-jet revealed to me the features of Allan Aubrey. I was sure it was he, and, under a sudden impulse, I followed him. When he finally stopped, it was in a large garden hall, and over that he was engaged in play, having thrown a bag of gold upon the table.

"Ah—got the old man's property so soon?" said one of his companions, as the heavy bag struck the table.

"No," Allan replied. "But the Jews are ready enough to lend money on it, I can tell you."

And this was the man to whom was going the vast property that Julia knew must have changed hands! It could not be. I would not believe it. There was work for me to do.

I stood apart, when young Aubrey could not see me, and watched him. He played recklessly, and drank freely. Both of these were customs of which an uneasy spirit moved within him. I saw it, and I knew he had something upon his mind besides the cards and the money before him, for even the great quantity of brandy he drank did not make him easy. I waited until he had lost all he gold, and borrowed and lost a thousand pounds besides, and then I left the hall.

By the time I had gained my chamber, a curious train of suspicion had become lengthened upon my mind, and before I retired, I had resolved to act upon it.

On the following morning I called upon Julia Proveut. She was a beautiful girl—not beautiful as some are beautiful in lovely regularity of the full and true, with a face as pure as virtue itself. She smiled sorrowfully when she saw me, and as she had no smile now, though her face brightened when she saw me, I knew that she was free from the death, of his lingering sickness, and finally of his will.

"And so you have resolved not to marry with Harry now," I said, as soon as I could get around to that point.

"I cannot," she replied, with a trembling lip and a moistened eye. "Harry is just now commencing in his profession, and he must not be encumbered with a wife. I will wait for him a while. We shall be happier for it in time to come."

"You are right, Julia."

"I know I am," she added, with a grateful look.

"But allow me to ask you something about this will?" I said, after a short pause. "If you will, I have reason to believe that your uncle had bequeathed the bulk of his property to you."

"I did, most certainly," she told me. "He never said so directly, but he used to tell me how he intended to make his will—that he intended to made him to feel that he had not amassed a fortune in vain."

"And he was in this mood one year ago, when his will was made?"

"Yes—he was always in that mood."

"Was Allan with him much about that time?"

"Not just then; but afterwards he behaved himself for a while, and was very attentive."

"Did he remain with the old man?"

"Yes—a good deal."

"Do you remember when Mr. Borden, your uncle's attorney, died?"

"Yes—very well, because I remember how badly uncle felt. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that his old friends were all leaving him. Most of his contemporaries had died before him, and he expected but few of them to return."

"And the witnesses to his will were ordered to the Crimea, were they not?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Borden died shortly afterwards?"

"Yes," answered Julia, growing interested in my questions.

"Was it after the death of the attorney that Allan became so attentive to your uncle?"

"Yes."

I had no more questions to ask then, and Julia was very anxious to know what I was aiming at. I told her to rest easy and trust all to me. I was not certain, however, that I could do her any good, nor could I ventured to tell her that I hoped to get a portion of the property for myself.

"O—if you can!" she murmured, taking my hand, while the tears came to her eyes, "do it for my sake. for I have been richly rewarded in my uncle's love and care; but for Harry's sake—for his sake!"

I pressed her hand warmly, and having assured her that I would do my best, I had called for awhile thing, I took my leave.

My next route was to the house of the physician who had attended Moses Borden during his illness and death. I knew him well, and called upon Dr. Aubrey. I found him in his study, and was admitted without ceremony. He was busy, and I spoke on the subject that had brought me.

"You attended Moses Borden during his last illness?" I said.

"Yes," the physician answered.

"Could you tell me what the matter was with him?"

"That would be difficult," he replied, "though I thought at the time he must have had a disease of the heart. The symptoms pointed that way. I fancied that there was a fluttering of the heart, gradually growing upon him, and that some sudden emotion was overcome it."

"You hold to post-mortem examination, I believe?"

"Yes. It was his own request that his body should not be mutilated. He was noticed on such matters; I told him, and he would not consent, but had to give it up.

"If you had held a post-mortem should you have been much surprised had you found poison in the stomach?" I asked quickly.

The doctor started, then pondered a few moments, with his fingers upon his brow, and then gazed into my face.

"*Poison?*" he uttered, vacantly. "I never thought of such a thing."

"But if you can remember all the symptoms can you not think now?"

He thought a while, and then started to his feet.

"By my soul," he uttered, bringing his hands smartly together, "*that accounts for the whole of it.* I can see now how those strange symptoms may have been developed. But what man you to think that he was the author committed?"

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"Nor I. But may not another have given him poison?"

"Hold on!" cried the doctor, again sealing himself. "You are going too deep for my comprehension. Tell me what you mean, and then we'll talk further."

"Very well," said I. "I know you will be silent and discreet. So now listen: I was not a little surprised to learn that Colonel Aubrey had willed all of his property to his nephew, and that—"

"To Allan?" interrupted the doctor, in astonishment.

"Yes," said I.

"But that is impossible!—Julia Proveut was the favored one, and he told me that he meant to leave her with a revered somewhat commensurate with the love he had bestowed upon her."

"So I have always supposed," I added; "but it was in a large degree his will, and one that he now engaged in play, having thrown a bag of gold upon the table.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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ASPECT OF THE WORLD.

No one can look upon the general aspect of the world, or review its changes and progress for ten years past, without being impressed with the sense that extraordinary agitation, or agencies, have been, and now are, at work. Every thing, whether political policies, religious and social systems, to us mark the presence of some more potent influence than is visible to the eye of sense. Almost simultaneously, great revolutions have convulsed the four quarters of the globe, and the hitherto stable and even sluggishly moved and quickened in destructive or productive activity. While Europe seems as if it would be trampled millions, suddenly inspired to demand freedom, and to hurl down blood-cemented thrones, and despotic laws with age, and to set up in their stead her centre felt a renewing spirit, and the Chinese Empire rose against the Tartar dynasty, and, filled with a new religion, a new policy, and a promise on the tongue at least—of the social and political regeneration of a mighty race.

Nor were the more familiar regions of the Old World alone convulsed. Unfolded with startling revelations, the gold discoveries of California and Australia made the hoarded wealth of centuries, and avarice throb, like the pulse of a sudden tempest. Myriads of men rushed to and fro, and cities were abandoned, old and tender ties murdered, and from the snowy North,

> "Whose frigid wind,
> Kisses and colder than the kindest spears
> That ever threatened, or that ever wounded
> And pricks the sky,"

to the sunny South, where the tropic sky is a flame with radiant heat, migrated gold-seeking legions. All melted by the earth's magnetic, under the lead of dauntless adventurers, driven to carnage and death, and of vaster armies, allured by a subtler and mightier god than War—some to gather fortune, and many to wreck their all in desert wastes, where the solitude and loneliness are as awful as the grave itself must. Never before has the world beheld the like. It was as if the elements which were within had conspired to awaken mankind—to shake together, as in a sieve, the nations and races, peradventure for the grinding of the gods of the dark.

And what is most remarkable, light and progress to the aggregate of humanity have followed in these upheavings. The despotisms of caste and creed have been and are being questioned, sifted, and shaken, as they were never before. The social heart of man has been made to hunger and thirst after the unapproachable ideal of the heaven-born prerogatives. True, re-action may seem here and there to defeat the humanizing ends of God, and the but re-actions with peoples more truly awakened, are but pauses in the onward movement of the nations, vent its fury and its fires, and leave the atmosphere pure and clear, and radiant as the azure bestowed by which it is purged.

God's purposes are subserved in all things. His ways may seem to us inscrutable, and even as we do, on the mortal level—but he assured they are just, and work together for his glory and the good of man. When we shall be uplifted, and look down and abroad upon the record of God's providence, as written all over the universe, as revelation and a gospel that cannot change or fail—we shall behold that in this, our day of great movements and these revolutions, the Almighty's hand moved in the storm, guiding the consuming elements, determining the issues, and pointing to the great results of our race. We shall behold that myriads of his spirits were participants in the mighty drama of the earth, and that all life, however it may seem to us actuated contrary to God's will, was yet moving the beginning—convergent toward its Center, drawn thither by chords of irresistible attraction and love, and fulfilling to the letter the eternal design.

> "Remember, ye who stumble & young man for his particulars, and expression him or—whose sins are scarlet, and who affect to be generous when you have nothing to give. He writes may be also to remember the abundance of the riches the waste of the suffering and destitute, and your children may be spoken of as charity.

We don't exactly like the above. Young men should be industrious, economical, and disposed to lay up a part of their earnings for future use; but we would not by any means have them become parsimonious and niggardly in their habits. We detest the miser as much as we do the spendthrift; —they both go to extreme. We would have them save every man, both young and old, should live within his means, if possible, and endeavor to accumulate some money, at least, for a "rainy day;" at the same time, we don't like the idea of people depriving themselves of every comfort, and seeking their whole thoughts on piling up the dollars. There is a prudent medium.

> AN IMPUDENT OBSERVER.—A poet says, "Oh, she was fair; but sorrow came and left its frost upon her." What became of the balance of the Arctics he don't state.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

AUNT MAGGIE.

Maggie Mora—that was her name—people who knew her well call'd h:r Aunt Maggie; this did not displease her; she was a notable little body, and liked to be bothered. Maggie was the last child of an aunt, or whom the world had used hardly. Maggie was not rich, as the world goes, but she was rich in good health, in good temper, and a certain faculty of making the best of everything that happened. The little shop she kept would have made a Broadway store-keeper laugh. Well, but him laugh; he could afford to do it, if he never made a dishonest penny otherwise than Aunt Maggie. Maggie sold not only her good will but scraped a few shillings together to buy a cabbage, and that was all. Maggie's (meaning that it would warm and) the parlor-fire never had a way of slipping, so that six yards and a half measured, when you got it home, but six yards. She never grave crossed sixpences and shillings to children who were willing to buy their needles and pins, as I told you, Aunt Maggie did not get rich so fast as they who do such things; but Maggie had zeal in a book which the people I speak of seldom open, because when they do, it is sure to be full of figures, and Maggie had figures and had in that Book, that "they who make haste to be rich shall not be innocent," and she believed it, she had not yet outgrown the Bible; it did not lay on her little dad table merely to gather dust, but had the ministerial effect from day to day and once a year. She did not think that, though the world was against her, God was not, and that in time it was written, it could teach her nothing at the day; she did not think it a proof of goodness in the world to be prosperous, or a proof of wickedness to be poor. She knew that the world knew who plant and nurse the bitter and in young hearts the harvest of wretchedness to wish to abandon such generation, they would shrink in terror from their horrid work. Ghost, and fairy, and witch, and enchantment, would die out of nursery, and witches and elves be traditioned no more in the nursery corners.

Out on the whole race of malevolents—soothsayers, second-sight seers, prophets and forerunners of evil—who have picked the most unlucky language of things that are not, and never were, save in their imaginings! Malevolents, who people the grave-yards with unchristian ghosts, and the air with sighing, and nightfall with goblin terrors, and the darksome gurets and cellars with "goblins damned." Malevolents, who cannot be content with suffering the sorrows of the future, but must pass on the evil legacy to flesh and bone—to unborn generations. Malevolents, who gloat over their power to dwindle confiding childhood, until the little heart sick at the sight of its own flesh and step, and the sound of its own voice—until, more timid than the beasts, ever—when it is given to speak, it forgets at shadows.

Avaunt, ye wicked sorcerers of the mind! Avaunt, malevolents, who, touching that night in her hallowed by great spirits than the day, exalt the sun above its Maker, who is equally the God of the night and the day! Wretched, useless, fear-blistered of the sum of mortal life—from what distress, and confusion of nightmares, fillings and fears now, didst thou first arise to torment humanity! What grim and gloomy guilt gave thee birth, and spread thy spawn through all the world? Some demon surely was thy sire, for of thee and all thy kind no human mother ought but horror, loathsomeness and torture. Thou marrest the most delightful and beautiful portions of human thought, for since thou wert, childhood fears and manhood fears—the night and by night, in life and in death, thou stalkest, phantom-like, among us. Thou terrifiest childhood until it cannot sleep, and of thy creation grow the fears that in after years, haunt and double in *fearing one.* Fear is the just, exercise and measure of guilt—but thou, malevolence, why should unless childhood fear? It does not fall as a blunder or a taught. And man, in his nursery and the fireside teach and breed more fears than all things else. Not all the *genie fume-pots* and flame-eyed crawling gibbet chains, nor accursed monuments of unburied bones, nor night-wailing of wintry winds, nor solitary-pillows from out the moors, nor death-clicks on the wall, nor

> "Voice thunder and premonitious scream,"

can vie with that baleful spirit of the nursery and fireside, which, from age to age, delights to cross the path of human things and horrify, until the world is as populous in "spooks" as in brains. Down with the anger circulating libraries of horrors, and the accounts of diabolism—let us crush it, root and branch, and begin the work by banishing goblin-stories from the nursery, and fairy-tales from our series and firesides. Throw two sacred planets are the deepest and direst fabrics of Fear.

> "Ah!" shrieked a fair young soldier, "that I was weaker such enamoring day, and that I am fast approaching my end! Oh, that I could not sell for my life! In Heaven there is rest for the side—such has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal, no wound that Heaven, and calmly breathed her last.

A decent pun is very good in its place; but the above strikes us as harping a trifle too much on the same subject. If a man can't make a pun without getting with dash, Heaven, and the condition of his soul—and he will be sure to do it—he had better give up the pun, and commence sweeping the streets or carrying the hod; anything but dealing in the above blasphemy.

> AN acknowledged advantage of some sort seems in disposable to social happiness and contentment. It is the reverse of a misfortune.

> No, sir, it is not in the order of nature. Nature and Providence are not constituted on such a plan. "Then" What is an aristocrat? In he anything more than a silly, weak-minded, vain, stuck-up, name-proud creature, who would fain "lord it over God's heritage?"

> OUR OUR INITIATIONS.—A Philadelphia weekly which has been trying hard to initiate our advertising system, has come out in a new dress, upon which it has received the congratulations of its exchanges. We cheerfully add ours, with the slight suggestion, that if it will get new brains, as well as new type, its success will be more probable.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. G. FOSTER.

MANY masquerades on the stage of real life betray themselves by overacting their parts. This is especially the case with religious pretenders, and for a reason reason—they increase the outward and visible sign in proportion as the inward and spiritual grace is not there. Hence the long prayers, the loud talk about the Lord by proxy, they would persuade us that their very bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost. Their very dress is that of the 1st tribe, being adapted to secure his ready, called upon his patron saint to come down, and all that sort of nonsense. In the same time, that he left over on the other side, when he exchanged them as an act of compliance. Thus the long saint has helped me a little too much."

OBSTACLES become shadows by the bodily eye, as they are mere remote, but, to the mental eye of age, the more distant are the more distinct. A man of vulgar eye forgot that he was seventy, but he never forgot that he was once a boy. Who can doubt the immortality of the soul, when we see that the mind can thus pass out of bodily decrepitude into a state of rejuvenescence? His present amounts to a partial new birth out of a partial decease, preparatory to a higher resurrection, age of real discretion.

SOME men are so excessively pathetic that they must look upon their own country's exporting all others in everything. An Englishman, traveling in the United States, saw a crowd standing at the scene of a fight, and called to his countryman, "Come here a great deal more interesting to the British than to the mere spectator.

A YOUNG man recently applied for a divorce from his wife, on the ground that she was the fraud that he had been married without his knowledge or consent." Such marriages, however, a couple of days after the event are without his knowledge or consent, we certainly think less than a week after the event.

A WESTERN editor says that a contemporary of his must have more than the fear of God in him, for he got one flat shot at him with our long gun, and the grandest kind of a shell at him with our mortar, consequently we have rarely known any editor who could *so skin the goodness* out of a contemporary.

SOME make religion their business; others make their business religion. A humorous writer, observing upon external religion, can extol the other if he can a Sabbath-day's journey. "Sir," replied the other, "what little I do in the religious way is in the Unitarian line."

A WESTERN editor says that "persons, during the recent financial panic, were so hard up for money, nothing to make a run upon the banks." They may have been so hard up for it, but we should not be sorry to be a witness to Kearney, they were eaged off again.

FIRST our enemy was the gospel of the anxious old man, who, being asked by a military officer of doubtful character to subscribe to a religious publication, replied that he never used, answered: "Much the same that you have to a military one."

"IT is impossible," said one politician to another, "that Mr. Buchanan can be the second choice of any people begin." "Well, sir," replied the other, "if you can't find a political parallel, you can find a parallel in the man ended and the sea began."

THE most remarkable of our acquaintance, against whom a suit at law has been brought, declares that he would not compromise it for a million. He is confident, he assures him, in all kindness, that his personal appearance is worth that amount.

LAW's observation that "every man knows something over which he is ignorant than he is of all else" is a theme not of misanthropy, but of the sturdy beneficial feeling which prompts us to mind our own business.

LAST week a man bought goods in one of the towns of Indiana, and offered a forged check in payment. The merchant, who had been swindled in the same way before, refused to take the check, and the man left.

A KENTUCKY farmer advertises that he has had two counterfeiters and three shoats stolen from his yard. Why should he be so hard on the shoats? We hope he'll have three shoats in the wind.

AN Arkansas editor says that those who call him a heel make a mistake. Yes, they haven't "got the thing to him" exactly, but they have got a long way round it, and a pressing occasion.

THE Detroit School Journal says, in a truly Christian spirit, "always give a kiss for a blow." We should have no objection to the exchange, provided the blows were always a pretty girl.

A correspondent of ours, who fancies himself beset by enemies, says that he is "determined to sell his life as dearly as possible." We hope he will, for we don't suppose for it, he will do a swindler.

A Kentuckian, carried off an extravagant extent, became rude offences. There is a material difference between getting drunk and getting tight, as there is between the white soap.

A Western contemporary says that he "cannot be convicted of a single falsehood." Then the only reason is that he has never been tried on the charge.

MANY a personage thinks himself necessarily a great man, because, like Mr. Webster, he has no hair, tic, like Clay, has a wart upon his nose.

WHEN a man gets into office, he generally lets his friends get out; and when he gets out, he tries to get back.

WATTEN for a railroad train is only less tedious and annoying than waiting for a train of thought.

THE best way to get rid of a bore is to bore him.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE marriage of the Princess Royal of England with the Prince of Prussia, is now definitely announced as during the latter half of this month. The expenses are to be on a scale of unprecedented magnificence, notwithstanding the hard times and general bankruptcy of the country. Many of the presents are already received, and reports of know anything about such "vulgar affairs" in the dominions of the Queen of England.

A WOMAN named Freeman, living in Sussex, Virginia, recently presented her husband with a fine boy; him, then beating him over the head with her gun until he was insensible, and left him for dead. The boy died, and the woman for her horrid act that she hoped her husband may be resurrected in the future state in the shape of a mule.

THE London Times says that there are at least 1,000 persons in London who have been reduced from affluence to ferment, and many of them to character, who have never before known what would be the condition of credit and integrity, six months ago. The same journal says that the commercial embarrassment is not confined to the city.

A YOUNG MAN, named Smither, recently murdered his mother and brother, at Hamilton Heath, near London, Canada West, because they refused to accommodate him, and then murder while they were asleep, and then robbed the house of what he could find by taking a horse to sell.

JOHN FLEMY, of Michigan City, Indiana, was returning from a hunting expedition a short time since, and in crossing a railroad track, a pistol escaped, and the ball has passed gun up other him, when it went off, and the charge lodged in the back of the head of his companion.

IT is reported that the Nicaraguans have determined to march on their city of Granada, and, after the manner, to poison the water, bread, and other food and beverages of the people, so as to exterminate all the inhabitants of their foes.

DR. STANGLEN, an old physician of Zanesville, Ohio, was instantly killed, a short time since, as he was driving a cow from home, by a piece of ice shot from a small cannon, with which some little boys were playing near by.

ALFRED LEWIS, a boy about 12 years of age, lost his eye by the accidental discharge of his gun, while standing by the side of a companion who was shooting match, on the bank of the river opposite Yorkville, New Jersey.

DURING the expedition of the late open murderers seems to be returning to its former occupancy. Thirteen persons have been hanged in different parts of the country within a month past.

A MARRIED man, over fifty years of age, recently eloped from Portsmouth, N. H., with a girl only seventeen years old.

A PARSON of Scottsville, Conn., has lately had several cattle, by their baking the paint from a newly painted barn. Farmers, beware!

JAMES RUSSELL was mortally wounded in Philadelphia, by the glanking of a rifle ball fired at a mark, a few days since.

TO-DAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

The day grew down into the dark,
As in the sea, some cheerful bark,
And bright'ning comes to view the storm
Wearing the new moon on her arm.

The silence is on this and here,
Some dreamed sounds keep the meeting through—
The much-dog's bay, the dip of oars,
The farm-boy singing in the shore;

The far-off low, the near-by bay
And dipping of the grasshopper;
That from the bosom of grass looks
To see what insects are about.

And in the dim, delicious light,
What pictures make the landscape bright.
Flying across the cattle-tracks,
Some hornbills bear with golden backs,
Pushing their round and downy heads
Into the crimson clover beds,
Where stand in rows the sharp flocks,
Like lilies among hollyhocks.

Past the red brick yard—through the flats,
Where evergreens of sea-weed
Make the air heavy—round the pool,
Where whippowills have singing school;
Along the hills, and up so high,
Even to rest in the sky,
The dusky coal winds.

I can see
The thick flakes of the walnut tree
Spreading their shadow upon the grass,
The maiden hours when from my love,
Dividing her thoughts, as clasp nine dreams,
Into the starlight's silver glances.

Poets, in melancholy love
Many sorrow for their children's days,
And rhymes about the plained flowers
And resemblance of vanished hours:
As if the joys of life were dead,
Reminded as on mortal ground;
But I, to-day, in time has been
Better than this, I'm seeing it;
And should I know it, should I
Be find a brighter shine of sky,
Twere toward the shining worn of one
That never put her blessed life out;
For Heaven doth use our meeks shine,
Nor have we unperfect lot.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION

BY

"I KNEW HE WOULD BE A THIEF, BECAUSE HIS FATHER WAS A RECKONER."

CHAPTER VII.

Long before any one in the house was stirring, Richard Hoffman was up and examining the room in which he had passed the night a prisoner. All ideas of danger or violence being banished to himself had vanished—he had nothing to lose; and yet he scarcely felt free wretched, for his thoughts were of those whom he had left in misery and misery. His mother's sorrow, he well knew, must have been increased by the agony and surprise his absence had occasioned. Poor Mary, too, what would he not have given to have ascertained her state?

His first care, on quitting the comfortable bed, was to raise the window. The view, like most views from the back of London houses, was a cheerless one. A wilderness of roofs, chimney-pots, and tiles, on which the sparrows were hopping and alighting as merrily as if there were as much things as green fields, trees, or pleasant lanes. The youth regarded them with a feeling of envy—for they were at liberty, he a prisoner.

The blight of the window from the ground was at least sixty feet—to descend that with without a ladder or a rope, impossible. Had Jack Manders been in a similar situation, all probability he would have manufactured the last from the sheets and curtains of the bed, for he was a lad of uncommon fertility of invention, and had been trained in a different school from our hero. His uncle had made Newgate gymnasium, as it may be called in the profession, a branch of his education.

The prisoner raised his eyes from the roof, which projected over the wall, at a distance far beyond his reach; even if he had possessed the nerve to trust himself to it.

Disappointed in his hope of escape that way, Richard next directed his attention towards the door, a good solid one, and tried the lock, which resisted all efforts to force it.

"I must cut the wood-work from the catch," he thought; "it is my only chance."

He had a knife in his pocket and he set to work most resolutely. How his last desperate companion would have smiled had he seen the useless labor and the pile of chips which gradually accumulated on the floor. With a knife, or rather a saw, as he could have undertaken to pick a mesh stronger lock than the one which held our hero prisoner.

The poor boy labored so earnestly that in a very short time he came to the end of the wood which held the lock, when the blade broke. His last hope was gone.

Overcome with vexation and disappointment, he threw himself upon the bed, and buried his face in the pillow to hide the tears he felt gathering in his eyes.

Two hours later, when the servant brought him his breakfast, he looked somewhat ashamed of the proof of the prisoner's industry, but made no observation, his master having forbidden him strictly by either to ask or answer any questions. He exchanged the things quietly upon the table, and quitted the room, locking and double-locking after him.

When, at a later period of the day, the lawyer visited his charge, he found him sitting moodily by the window; the breakfast on the table untasted.

"This is foolish, my poor boy," he observed, in a kindly tone.

"You may keep me here," replied our hero, firmly; "I cannot and will not escape."

"Hunger will compel you," answered the gentleman, "as it has done hardened and resolute men who have made a similar resolve, and broken it. You have never felt what hunger really is."

His prisoner gave a sickly smile.

"In its first stages," continued Mr. Morton, "probably it may have been familiar to you, but not in its last, when the gnawing pain become agony—madness in which parents have been known to destroy the infant they could no longer nourish at their tortured breasts; the shipwrecked mariner to sacrifice to life of the comrade by his side, which a few hours before he would have risked his own to save. This will—must end so. Why distress those who wish you well?"

"I cannot eat," exclaimed Richard Hoffman; "and know that these lines are starving!"

"You allude to your mother and sister?"

"Yes."

"They will be taken care of—doubtless are by this time: for the gentleman who has taken an interest in you promised me that such should be the case; and he is one who never breaks his word."

"Bless him!" said the youth, in a tone of deep emotion. "O bless him for that!—but if he is so benevolent, why am I detained here?"

"For your good."

Richard regarded him doubtfully.

"And the good of those who are dearest to you," observed his visitor. "Your benefactor is a man of vast wealth, but rather eccentric in his mode of acting and thinking. He has ascertained that your story is a true one—more: learnt that which you carefully concealed from him."

"Concealed from him?" repeated our hero, with surprise.

"Yes; the drunken habits of your father."

The prisoner colored deeply.

"Which account for your misery and desperation, not only of his wife, but children."

"It was not by my place, sir, to speak of the failings of a parent."

"Right," said the gentleman, approvingly. "I have no doubt but we shall perfectly understand each other in time. The friend whom Providence has so unexpectedly raised up for you at the moment when you stood upon the verge of crime sees that you carefully concealed from him."

"Concealed from him?" repeated our hero, with surprise.

"You; the drunken habits of your father."

The prisoner colored deeply.

"Which account for your misery and desperation, not only of his wife, but children."

"It was not by my place, sir, to speak of the failings of a parent."

"Quit London without seeing my mother?"

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race of women who were here, lived, toiled, and died within sound of their native bells. In fact, there is scarcely a family in the parish whose genealogy might not be traced by them in a line sufficiently clear to satisfy all but a chancery barrister or a disappointed heir.

The Misses, for instance, for many a generation, may be found clustering as thick as bees in front of the curiously-sculptured early Norman porch; the Sparrow's, life's waitresses, ever, sleep in their nests under the wall of the south aisle of the church; and the Gilberts' tombs in the shadow of the north one; whilst the Bradleys, Spaldings, and Cruthers all repose in neighborly fellowship in the large open space of ground directly facing the lofty belfry-tower, which, clad in its thick mantle of ivy, stands like some faithful sentinel on guard, bracing the storms of ages.

A funeral procession was slowly advancing along the centre pathway of the churchyard. Since the interment of the last lord of the manor—whose kindness to his tenantry all had good reason to recollect—such an assemblage of mourners had not been seen in St. Faith's. All the principal farmers on the estate, the cottiers and villagers, with their wives and daughters, in fact, nearly all the inhabitants of the hamlet were there—not only to show their sympathy for the poor old schoolmaster, but to protest by their presence against the brutal act by which his brother was deprived of life.

Nothing could be more quiet and orderly than the demeanor of the crowd; a line of constant to which the appearance of Mr. Bradley, a person of popular amongst them, as well as the solemnity of the occasion, greatly contributed; for the feeling of resentment against Sir Norman and the keepers was strong as ever, and only required an occasion to break forth.

The Reverend Mr. Pendelow, who read the magnificent service for the dead, felt at the moment that nervous, when he beheld the entire population of the parish following the body of the victim to the grave. The appearance of the magistrate, however, reassured him, for he felt convinced that no riotous or unbecoming manifestation would take place whilst he remained amongst them.

Simon and his wife, holding the orphan Lillian by the hand, stood at the head of the grave. There was an expression of innocent wonder on the face of the child as all she saw and heard. Perhaps she was too young to feel her loss; and yet the most keen compassion beamed from the several tiers she murmured to herself the words—

"Poor Berg! Poor Berg!"

Hester thought it exceedingly strange she should always speak of her father by his Christian name.

The funeral being over, the clergyman and those conducted the principal mourners back to their humble residence. Arrived at the door, they never turned round, and, raising his hat, exclaimed—

"Thank you, friends and neighbors, for this last kindness shown to one who was born amongst you —who loved you all, and would have done any of you a good turn had it been in his power; and thank you, too, sir," he added, in a voice of deep emotion, addressing Mr. Thornton, "for the care you showed a kind feeling for the poor!"

On any other occasion there would have been a cheer for the popular magistrate; but rough and untaught as most of the hearers were, they seemed to feel that, in the presence of the dead, such a thing would be out of place.

"And now," continued the speaker, "let me advise you to return to your homes quietly. I am sure you need not do so, and the reason why I ask it—I only give those who have not heard it further by saying he had deserted!—here the old man's grief once more overcame him!—" poor Berg's fear of reproaching his memory."

The last words were interrupted by sobs and tears that they were scarcely heard.

"Amen is right," said the gentleman, shaking hands with him. "You have spoken your respect for the dead—do not lessen the value of the tribute by any display of hostility towards the living."

The consequence of this excellent advice was, that the crowd dispersed without uttering a single groan—as they had intended—for Sir Norman and his keepers.

"It be my opinion," observed farmer Bleiker, as he walked by the side of Mr. Bradley through the village, "that Barney Gee was murdered. I do know that lawyers say he was lawfully killed, but I don't believe it for all that, and I'm sure of it when I feels'n wi' Sir Norman, though he be lord of the manor!"

His hearer was mentally of the same way of thinking; although he replied to the observation—

"He is to be pitied," he replied.

"Pitied!" replied the farmer, indignantly, "What! take the life of a fellow-creature for a rabbit! But it won't end here. I do know the temper of the lads for a well!"

"For heaven's sake, if you have any influence amongst them, use it," said the magistrate, "and prevent any outbreak or violence, which can only result on themselves."

"That is what I told 'em, sir."

"And projection," added the magistrate, "the legal question, which I am not determined to try, of the right to shoot over the commons."

"There be little doubt of that matter," answered the farmer. "More than a hundred pounds be subscribed already. I be sadly vexed in myself," he muttered, musingly, "about—"

"Why what can you possibly have to reproach yourself with?" demanded Mr. Bradley, in a tone of surprise.

"I feel exactly a reproach, neither," said the farmer; "only it be so much. I war the first to raise Barney Gee after the shot had riddled on. No wonder I felt frustrated like, for I had never seen a human creature bleeding to death afore. He grasped my hand, and looked up in my face so wourdful, that it quite upset me; for I had known him ever sin' he was a bigger child than my own lad. He wanted to say something to me, but the blood came gurgling out wi' the words. All I remember," added the speaker, with a deep sigh—"seems; then followed the name of some person or place, but I can't be sure which, that I should know it again if ever I heard it; 't be sure I shall."

"Poor fellow," ejaculated Mr. Thornton, "most probably some information respecting the owners of pay or pension due to him. I will cause the proper inquiries to be made."

"Maybe," replied the church-warden, "but I don't think it war that."

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to point out a circumstance to which some willing agent could not be found for weaving a motive with. Sir Norman Boothroyd had long been aware of this important fact, and, though he had not quitted the precincts of his own domain since the day of the inquest, his spies kept him well informed of everything that transpired in the village, and at the hotel.

The intelligence that the fund subscribed to by the farmers had reached a hundred pounds, drove his choler fearful. It was not the sum that alarmed him, but the spirit of resistance it evinced, as he felt as indignant at any Rawdon beyond could have done, whose serfs had threatened a revolt.

"Ungrateful wretches!" he exclaimed. "Law. They shall have enough of it. I will, sir, begin them!"

"I had hoped," observed his wife, quietly, "that you had abandoned such ideas."

Never, madam; never! To think of that fellow, Thornton, being present at the funeral of a rascally poacher. A man whom I had actually invited to my table!"

"Perhaps it was to keep the peace; and if so, we ought to feel obliged to him."

"Keep the peace!" replied her husband. "Are you really so weak, Lady Boothroyd, as to suppose the wretched clowns would venture on attack on Meldown Park?"

"Such things have been."

"Or attempt anything against my person?" added the baronet, "No. Had as they are, I believe the rascals would think twice before proceeding to such extremities. They know me too well!"

"Norman," said the lady, repressing her inclination to smile at the vaporing of her husband, which she at least knew how to estimate at its proper value, "I thought you had consented to leave the arrangement of this ridiculous affair in my hands?"

"I have allowed you to interfere," replied the baronet.

"And you will not waive your rights over the commons?"

"Not one of them. I should be unworthy of my name if I did so—influenced by the remarks of any long line of nonentities in the face. What Booth-royd!" he added, "ever gave up his rights?"

"Till he was found dead in a ditch!" thought his wife.

"I am about to start," continued the speaker, "for Exeter, to consult Marshall on the subject, Mark-pendelow will return with me."

"For protection," mentally ejaculated the lady, with a strong feeling of contempt.

"I shall probably be away a few days, as I have also business with Sir Peter Hawker, who, having once made up their minds to achieve an object, adhere with extraordinary tenacity to their plans. Few real obstacles could shake her purpose, and the opposition of Sir Norman was still less likely to do so; she knew it was useless for her to waste her breath on that.

Scarcely had he taken his departure, therefore, than putting on her bonnet and shawl, she quitted the house ostensibly for a walk, but, no sooner after strolling about the grounds for some time, diverted her steps towards the grooves where the lodge of the head keeper was situated. Here the great satisfaction she found him within and alone.

The man sat with his head resting on his left shoulder, the mistress of Meldown Park not being remarkable any more than her husband for cordial esteem to her dependents.

"Well, Fletcher," she began, at the same time seating herself, which she had not been invited to do before her, "has there been any more poaching on the manor since New Year's eve?"

"None, my lady."

"The death of the soldier Gee, or whatever the fellow's name was, seems to have frightened them."

"Dreadful, your ladyship. We can't shoe our faces in St. Faith's without being hooted and pelted at it. It wasn't our fault," he added; "we only did our duty."

"Of course you did not," observed his visitor. "But this state of affairs cannot be allowed to last, it will be half mad unpleasant. The farmers, I hear, are determined to try the question of shooting over the common."

"So I hear, my lady."

"Do you think they will succeed?"

The keeper remained silent.

"Did you hear my question," continued the speaker. "I ask you, who have known the property these forty years, whether Sir Norman has not and truly possesses the exclusive right he claims?"

His late uncle never exercised it," observed Fletcher.

"That is not an answer."

"It would be presumptuous in me to give an opinion."

"Of course it would," said the haughty woman, "masked."

"Well, then, my lady, if I were put upon my oath, I don't believe he has. But I'll swear to it in any as much a dozen times over, and be known to no more law than I do at present."

"Provoking," muttered her ladyship; "not only the ridicule of a contest with our own tenantry, but a defeat will be the consequence of all our immediate affair, unless," she added, fixing her eyes keenly on the countenance of the old man, "you assist me to prevent it."

"I, my lady! What can I do? I am no lawyer."

"But you are an *excellent shot*," coolly observed his wife's visitor.

Fletcher naturally looked exceedingly astonished. His experience of mankind told him that his late brother surprised him half so much as this simple observation.

"What is the man staring at!" added Lady Boothroyd.

The construction which the keeper had put upon her words struck her, and she broke forth into a hearty laugh.

"No, Fletcher; nothing of that kind," she exclaimed, "nothing of the description you suppose. Plainly with you, for you have lived in the family many years, and ought to feel its interests. I wish to know, my honest friend, whether you could not dispute which threatens the peace of the neighborhood. Now, I know you are a favorite, in a sense proceeding him with the belief that his obstinacy has placed his life in danger."

"That is one way," answered the man, deliberately, "for Sir Norman be mortal tiresome."

"He will not interfere with us," continued her ladyship; "he will enter the grounds by the south lodge. Now, if you were disposed to wait a bullet through the carriage window—mind, only supposing such a thing—I think I may undertake to answer for the rest."

Fletcher rubbed the back of his head, and regarded his visitor for some time in silence.

"I certainly could do such a thing," he said, "and without any danger to myself, for everyone should ever find me out! He be not the most forgiving gentleman in the county."

"I'll take the blame," replied Lady Boothroyd, impatiently. "Remember that it is to prevent the occurrence of such dreadful scenes as the one which has lately taken place, and in terrifying Sir Norman into acting reasonably and justly, instead of leading him a service which it shall be my study to requite. You are the only person," she added, confidentially, "whom I could trust to make such an attempt which your skill as a marksman renders not only perfectly safe, but certain of success."

It would be useless to repeat what further arguments the speaker employed before she finally succeeded in persuading the old man to undertake the task. It is sufficient, for the purpose of our narrative, to say that she did succeed, and Lady Boothroyd quitted the keeper's lodge, delighted with the success of her plans.

On her return to the hall, she found a letter bearing the Indian postmark, and sealed with black. Although addressed to her husband, the manœuvering lady seemed resolved to witness the least hesitation, and found, to her confusion and astonishment, that the handwriting was that of Sir Norman's younger brother and his wife, of the yellow fever. The letter, in the colonel of his regiment, announced his own and brother officers' deep condolence with the bereaved lady, and concluded by requesting a hope that the child had arrived safely in England.

Child?" she ejaculated, as Filet's advice to her to visit the cottages of Simon Gee, flashed on her memory. "Surely they were born—abandoned. Ruin, ruin to my hopes!"

This exclamation was called forth by a clause in the letter which stated, briefly that, in the event of both his nephew's dying without male heir, as the title would then become extinct, the estate should be sold, and the proceeds divided equally between the female issue of the two brothers; but Sir Norman was to retain the undoubted possessor of the property during his life.

"It is true," she murmured, "that that wretched wanderer, even from the grave, has contrived to baffle me still! All is not lost, however. The brat is his—it must be his. I must think—think!"

It lacked little good to any one when the thoughts of the speaker became intently fixed either upon the future or the past. Both were alike engrossing to the selfish—according where it fell.

During the rest of the day Lady Alice was confined to the sick-room with the governess. Her mother required to be alone with her own evil and her fears for the future. The most trifling or slight have disturbed her meditations.

Night was drawing on, when the sound of a carriage was heard dashing up the lawn. In a few seconds voices were heard, and amongst them Lady Boothroyd was startled by those persons who, having once made up their minds to achieve an object, adhere with extraordinary tenacity to their plans. Few real obstacles could shake her purpose, and the opposition of Sir Norman was still less likely to do so; she knew it was useless for her to waste her breath on that.

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"It would be presumptuous in me to give an opinion."

"Of course it would," said the haughty woman, "masked."

"Well, then, my lady, if I were put upon my oath, I don't believe he has. But I'll swear to it in any as much a dozen times over, and be known to no more law than I do at present."

"Provoking," muttered her ladyship; "not only the ridicule of a contest with our own tenantry, but a defeat will be the consequence of all our immediate affair, unless," she added, fixing her eyes keenly on the countenance of the old man, "you assist me to prevent it."

"I, my lady! What can I do? I am no lawyer."

"But you are an *excellent shot*," coolly observed his wife's visitor.

Fletcher naturally looked exceedingly astonished. His experience of mankind told him that his late brother surprised him half so much as this simple observation.

"What is the man staring at!" added Lady Boothroyd.

The construction which the keeper had put upon her words struck her, and she broke forth into a hearty laugh.

"No, Fletcher; nothing of that kind," she exclaimed, "nothing of the description you suppose. Plainly with you, for you have lived in the family many years, and ought to feel its interests. I wish to know, my honest friend, whether you could not dispute which threatens the peace of the neighborhood. Now, I know you are a favorite, in a sense preceding him with the belief that his obstinacy has placed his life in danger."

"That is one way," answered the man, deliberately, "for Sir Norman be mortal tiresome."

"He will not interfere with us," continued her ladyship; "he will enter the grounds by the south lodge. Now, if you were disposed to wait a bullet through the carriage window—mind, only supposing such a thing—I think I may undertake to answer for the rest."

Fletcher rubbed the back of his head, and regarded his visitor for some time in silence.

"I certainly could do such a thing," he said, "and without any danger to myself, for everyone should ever find me out! He be not the most forgiving gentleman in the county."

"I'll take the blame," replied Lady Boothroyd, impatiently. "Remember that it is to prevent the occurrence of such dreadful scenes as the one which has lately taken place, and in terrifying Sir Norman into acting reasonably and justly, instead of leading him a service which it shall be my study to requite. You are the only person," she added, confidentially, "whom I could trust to make such an attempt which your skill as a marksman renders not only perfectly safe, but certain of success."

It would be useless to repeat what further arguments the speaker employed before she finally succeeded in persuading the old man to undertake the task. It is sufficient, for the purpose of our narrative, to say that she did succeed, and Lady Boothroyd quitted the keeper's lodge, delighted with the success of her plans.

On her return to the hall, she found a letter bearing the Indian postmark, and sealed with black. Although addressed to her husband, the manœuvering lady seemed resolved to witness the least hesitation, and found, to her confusion and astonishment, that the handwriting was that of Sir Norman's younger brother and his wife, of the yellow fever. The letter, in the colonel of his regiment, announced his own and brother officers' deep condolence with the bereaved lady, and concluded by requesting a hope that the child had arrived safely in England.

Child?" she ejaculated, as Filet's advice to her to visit the cottages of Simon Gee, flashed on her memory. "Surely they were born—abandoned. Ruin, ruin to my hopes!"

This exclamation was called forth by a clause in the letter which stated, briefly that, in the event of both his nephew's dying without male heir, as the title would then become extinct, the estate should be sold, and the proceeds divided equally between the female issue of the two brothers; but Sir Norman was to rem

"Let him go," cried one.

"A millsop! a willsop! a sop fool! a save-penny," chimed in the rest.

He to whom these epithets were applied, was speedily beyond the reach of their voices; had they been shouted close to him it would have been all the same, for the words "his father was a drunkard," still haunted him; hearing would take in no other sounds, echo seemed to repeat them.

"Because his father was a drunkard!" he exclaimed, when he had once more gained the bank. "O God!" he added, falling on his knees, "take that reproach from me. I trusted in my strength, and then beat shown me my weakness. Let me but be visited for, if I feel here now, that the recollection of reason unless thy mercy blesses them. How fragile is man's strength, unless by aid he be extended over him."

Brief as was his prayer, it had a soothing effect upon the agitated mind and heart of him who uttered it. Like oil poured upon the troubled waters, a calmer spirit came over him, and he reached his steps towards his humble lodging, a converting, but no longer a despairing man.

The following morning, whilst on duty as timekeeper at the factory, George Hoffman received a note from his wife, requesting to see him. It was kindly, though sadly written. The pen had evidently trembled in the hand that had traced it, and in more than one portion of the page he could detect where tears had fallen hopelessly while she pressed the paper to his lips.

As the punctuality and general good conduct of her employers, the company man found no difficulty in obtaining temporary leave of absence, and in a cabin far more touching than the violence of despair, he found home and comfort—not in the dress suit of workmen's clothes—the one he had purchased by the fruits of his industry. There was a feeling of honest pride as well as deep humiliation in the act.

"I father thee," he thought, "than in the threadbare, faded rags which mark my former state."

In his way over the bridge, how many times had the determined money-changer up! visions of what happiness, opportunities there were in which prudence might have avoided, suffering, which his will had borne with all the patient greatness of woman's love.

"I deserve to lose her," he thought. "The punishment is not greater than the offence. I had no need wring her heart by unmanly weakness, but to serve sooner for the future. There was no call to mourn," he added, "in the long, dreary hours of separation. Provision became me now."

In the midst of his realized hopes and anticipations and paused for an instant to contemplate the wildness of the scene occupied by Rachel. Her blinds were up. He fancied he could distinguish her form seated before one of the windows of domestic curtains, and his heart beat violently. "Was it possible," he asked himself, "that she had been watching his arrival?

Mrs. Lawrence shook her head as she opened the door to him, and pointed to the inner room.

"The room to the right," she said.

He could not thank her, but silently seconded to hear, from the lips he loved, the welcome he so dreaded. He took his hand instead, but it turned in the handle of the door. There was a moment's hesitation, and the next he stood in the presence of his injured wife, who, seated in an easy chair, made a feeble effort to rise and meet him. An in its stead he was not her. At the sight of her he was astounded form, her features pale with suffering, unbonnied, emaciated, the firmness he had attempted to himself to obtain, alike gave way, and he wept long and bitterly.

It was some time before either of them could speak.

"This is a sad meeting, George," said Rachel, deeply moved at the sight of his tears. "I little thought, when our hands were first united, that I should ever witness the humiliation of the man I loved. There is something terrible in manhood tears," she added; "they distress me—until we feel that I am about to say."

"Reproach me, cause me for my heartless folly—for the words I have made," groaned the repentant man. "I will not attempt to explain further than words of kindness.

"Come you?" repeated the invalid, her hand lovingly resting upon his shoulder; "come the husband of my youth, the father of my children? No, George, no; in the depth of your sin, and in suffering, when we have wanted bread, and I have been unable to be long, many love of the days for your return, a curse never rose to my lips. I prayer for your reformation, a recovery, perhaps, of your original position, rose; I am, sorrow—ever."

"Unkindness! call it by its fitting name—and, mean, brutal unkindness. I have received your faint letter, Rachel," he added, and with your the pain of inflicting the wound, the last my heart can ever feel. You are about to be reconciled to your father."

His wife remained silent.

"To return to the home from which my fair love called you, and you are right; I have not a word, a plea, to offer against your resolution. I admit the justice—its strict justice, for I am no longer worthy of you. I have been guilty of ingratitude," he continued, in deeming that even pardonable could atone for conduct such as mine, but I shall not oppress the loss in the path I have chosen."

"For your happiness, I trust."

Her husband rallied bitterly.

"My peace," continued his wife, "shall not be wanting to confirm you in it. George, George," she exclaimed, "I plead for a sacrifice—a sacrifice to me of my boy—have you found him?—discovered the least trace of my lost treasure? But no—cruel as you have been to me, you would not have concealed from me the only balm to heal my breaking heart."

"I have sought for him everywhere," replied the husband, deeply moved by his companion's grief, after night I have wandered through the streets of London—penetrated each den of sin and shame—sought in haunts where even agonads fear all harmonies for unfriended youth, but all in vain! Heaven has not smiled upon my efforts, nay, my penance, my unavailing penitence. Rachel," he added, "could the sacrifice of my heart's blood restore him to you, I'd pour the life stream gladly forth, and deem his ransom cheaply paid?"

"George, I—"

"I know what you would say; 'tis time we part. I will not crave you longer by my presence. My future life shall not disgrace you. There is one thing I ask of you—my child, do not let her hear the tale of her father's failing—she is too young to comprehend it now. Let me behold her sometimes. I will not speak to her, Rachel, or ask to press her in my arms—indeed, I will not—the drunkard's kiss shall not stain her innocent cheek! By the memory of the love I have forfeited—for our boy's sake—grant me this, my last and only prayer!"

On hearing the motives which explained his presence in haunts which stung her woman's heart and pride, Rachel Hoffman started from her seat. Twice she essayed to speak, but emotion almost choked her, and the blood came and fled from her wan cheeks with fearful rapidity.

"Answer me, George!" she exclaimed at last, breaking the spell that seemed to chain her to her seat, "say, as you would not leave a reproach upon my soul."

"What mean you?"

"In frequenting the—the scenes of vice you name, were you led there by no other motive than the hope of recovering our lost boy?"

"None," answered the husband, with unfeigned surprise.

"It was not the love of drink, then?"

"No."

"Or yet a more—"

"Rachel," interrupted her husband, "fallen and degraded as I am, do not insult me by a supposition too monstrous for reason to believe, which even madness would reject with scorn. Look on me," he continued: "did you ever know a lie to pollute my lips?—a lie, the coward's shield, the shuffling trickster's last resource. Do me one justice: the maddening draught has not drowned manhood and all sense of shame; *souls* still survives the wreck."

"I am glad to hear this, George—very glad," continued his wife, inwardly at once more to her back into her seat. "I had heard a very different tale."

"From your father?"

"Yes; but I will not blame him: he spoke but as he thought, for he had watched you, George, night after night, and imagined—"

"No! I had, with my better heart and reason," said the unhappy man; "such is a depth in vice whose mercy's self would blush to look on. I was not charitably to judge me. Doubtless he told you that I was still a drunkard?"

"He was led to think so."

"His wish was father to the thought," replied George Hoffman. "No, Rachel; there is one fiend which deprived me of both will and me, the intoxicating draught has never passed my lips. I have been tempted sorely, I confess; but I resisted like a new bird born to life—to—to win back his own esteem—the world's respect."

As he spoke, the glow of honest satisfaction flushed his features, and with good upon him in breathless surprise, weighing each word he uttered.

"Last night," he continued, "when still by the officious kindness of the woman who attends you had you last intelligence of your son, we had never see me more, then, Rachel, I felt myself indeed an outcast, a hopeless wretch. In my despair I asked myself the use of struggling with my destiny—in seeking to regain a name you scorned to share—a position you could not think me could have no joy—a home destined to be desolate. In the midst of these reflections a moment of nerve, feeling, heart and brain—I listened to the pure and soothing of my fellow creatures—I felt a more laborer now—yielded to them, and consented to accompany them to the tavern."

"And for?" gasped his listener.

"No; God preserved me," answered the reformed drunkard, kneeling at his companion's feet. "At the very threshold of the temple where reason is sacrificed, snatched from the midst of those reeling drowned in the excitement of intoxication, I broke from them and fled."

"Thank heaven!" murmured his wife; "thank heaven you did so."

"And now, Rachel, and of my poor lost boy. I will not pain you by relating all I suffered as I rolled fruitlessly upon the streets, or stood gazing on the window of your chamber, the impious thoughts which suggested themselves, till the spirit of prayer came over me. I sought for strength, and found it in that solitary hour. It has not forsaken me since."

There was evidently something laboring in the heart of Rachel which no words of her own could utterance to, but the speaker still continued without observing her.

"And now, farewell. Fear not that I shall fall again. Temptations may come more sternly, but I know my strength. The fiend will be routed. I shall persevere," he added, "though the rugged path of penitence be without one ray of comfort to me, silently and alone."

His sister's husband his wife, extending her arms to him; "one faithful heart shall share it, George; you cannot exile me from it. Suffering, endured, but you can alone them. The act, the heartless liberties, I could have rejected, but not the husband who now returns to me after all his failure. Whatever your fortunes, I am ready to share them, but with you, will with everywhere for you, and never shall one look or reproachful word of mine remind you of your former guilt."

An embrace, pure as their first young love, set the seal upon a reconciliation angels must have smiled to witness.

Rachel Hoffman kept her word, and despite the apparent estrangement of her friend Rachel, and the offers of her father, who refused to believe in George's reformation, she adhered to the course she had made. The repentant drunkard was not left to tread the path of reformation unaided. A ministering spirit, in the angel form of a forgiving wife, smiled upon his task, and bore him company.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THEN FOLLYTONES.—As to politeness, says Lord Chatham, many have attempted to define it. I believe it is to be met by those who have it themselves. No one but being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it "benevolence in trifles," or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly encounters of common occurrence of life. It is a perpetual attention to the wants of those with whom we are, by which attention we either prevent or remove them. It would not be politeness, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble; and what will give this but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles to all you converse and live with!

JOURNEYMAN'S HONORING.—The "establishment" connected with the great temple of Juggernaut, in India, is immense. It includes 56 different kinds of offices, some of which are subdivided into several more. About 640 persons are required to fill the appointments, a few of which are the following: The one who puts juggernaut to bed; the one who wakes him, the one who gives him water and a toothpick, the painter to paint his eyes, an officer to give him rice, and another to give him pan, one to wash his linen, one to count his robes, one to carry his umbrella, and one to tell him the hours of worship. Besides them, there are 4000 cooks, 120 dancing girls, and 3000 priests, many of whom are exceedingly rich.

ADVERSITY.—Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, sews the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.

ADELE:

HER SORROW AND HER JOY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

LETTER I.

Edgecombe, July 18—.

DARLING CECILE:—Once more I am at home, at dear Edgecombe, where the long happy years of my childhood were spent. How like a dark dream seem those intervening years of unrest, of suspicion of unhappiness, of heartbreak, misfortune and sorrow! And yet all is so natural and homelike about me. The house and grounds, the very furniture and ornaments so unchanged, that I sometimes fancy that I never left my home, but am still a joyous maiden of seventeen, dwelling in the mansion of my ancestors.

But a phantom at the black robe, that lying sham, that so contradicts the joyous impulses of my free life, or the merry chorus of Eddie, my "pet Edmund," upon the lawn, are enough to convince me that those years have been, and have gone into the past; and that I am not Adelia Scarlett, the merry maiden, but Adelia Montmorenci, the widow of Count Montmorenci, looking dismally into her six months since, came back to the home and friends of her youth, bringing her sole treasure, her noble, beautiful boy.

If you've, did I not, Cecile, that when once more beneath this dear roof, I would tell you something of my history? I owe it to the only friend I have left me. Not that I am asking who I was, or whence I came, nor only that I was deserted and friendless, but that my heart and reason would unburden itself to you, for you alone would be clear that were as the clear of life to my fainting heart. Will you listen, then, my friend?

My life had for incidents to mark its progress until after I had attained my eighteenth year, and never left my home. Where I had always lived with my father and my mother, and my brother Edmund, who, being but six months younger than I, only serious had been the loss of a pet spaniel, or the fall of a favorite canary, to cause a shade on the ceiling, to school or college, and that illness passing, returned to us, not upon his travels, to be absent two long years.

I was fourteen then, and when I was a little past sixteen Edmund left home for college, and Count Victor Montmorenci. Ah! how little thought we, when the latter came to spend the summer at Claude's friend, beneath our roof, that with his coming and departure our whole life's work was to be mercy, or in judgment, that the black pages of our coming fate were hidden from us! Tell me, Cecile, do you believe that we ever watched or closely the phases of human life.

To an unsophisticated girl, Count Victor Montmorenci came as a hero of romance. His complexion, dark, almost Italian, his eyes, large and gypsy, his proud bearing, his ancient and privilege name, all served to feed my young romantic imagination. I was he itself from the moment he spoke to me, from that instant of time when first he bent that dark head, and with that air of inexplicable magnetism seemed to steep my being in a new life.

By-and-by he spoke to me of love, and in due time I confessed to him my maiden secret, and received him to my parents. They were not willing that I should go so far from them; they knew not Montmorenci as I did, and were not part us forever; but Claude pleaded the cause of his friend, and I was the happiest girl that ever lived. Montmorenci, with his wealth and happiness, and no trace of his murderer could be found.

This terrible event filled our house with gloom and mourning, and all preparations for the marriage were delayed. Then Montmorenci returned, he insisted so urgently that there should be no further delay, that I consented to the ceremony taking place in the chapel of the castle. And what I suffered during the days of the sorrows of the years that followed.

It was not till my little Edouard was given to me that I realized how completely Montmorenci had ceased to be greatly unbiased of the sensations he had once excited in me. Even during the first year of our married life, before our child was born, I had begun to see that my husband was not the hero I had imagined him, that he was not the man I had loved. Then, when my boy was born, I felt that I was utterly friendless.

But when you came to me, on learning from the parties that Edouard was sick, and I alone and without assistance, how like an angel of light you appeared! My sad, breaking heart blessed you: as I saw you lift the suffering child to your sof- ness, and watch his feverish limbs, and administer to the draughts ordered by the physician you had procured. I could have fallen at your feet and kissed the hem of your garment, in my gratitude to you. Then the after years, when I saw the child convalescing, lily, but surely, back to health. And my only happy days were those you were spent with you in the tiny chateau at N——, where Edouard played all day in the subsiding rooms, or raced in the dusty alleys and flowery bosquets of the wild garden, and grew strong and ruddy every day.

You remember the three years that followed. They were also in rest, and need no describing. And you were with me in that fatal hour when Montmorenci, wounded and bleeding from a duel-encounter with one of his villain companions was brought to my garret in die. You witnessed his agonies and the fearful manner of his death, and by your bounty that I subsisted until I could receive those remittances from America, that enabled me to repay you the only part of my debt I could repay, and then return to my early home.

But you do not hear the dying words of the bad man, a villain as his outward life showed to all, a murderer by the secret deed of blood. Thank God alone, for my trembling hand can scarce pen the words. *Cecile, Edouard—a hand over red with the blood of my only brother!* And, with this terrible crime yet freshly committed, he came, and without compunction, robbed my parents of their only child, and made me the bride of Claude's enemies!

But all these things have a future page.

I am content, yes, more than content, quietly happy here. My child grows daily in strength and beauty. I can see that, to my parents, he is already taking the place Claude's early death left vacant, and I know that my presence here adds much to their happiness.

After, then, I will a thousand blows toward you on the wings of the breeze. Would that I could tell you, before the letter was begun to expense, the love and gratitude in which I hold you.

ADELE MONTMORENCI.

Edgecombe, July, 18—.

DEAR CECILE:—Three months have passed since I received your last welcome letter, and I do not think it would have remained so long unanswered. But I have been so occupied that I have found it impossible to write, even to my dearest friend.

My mother has been very ill. Her sickness was engrossing and dangerous. For many days we watched anxiously by her bedside, fearing that, at any hour, the messenger might come to summon her away. But at length she slowly won her way back to health, and is now able to mingle with our little circle below stairs, though, as yet, too feeble to enter upon any of her ordinary avocations.

During all this season of affliction we have been blessed by the kind offices of the clergyman of the parish, a young man who took the place left vacant by the death of our aged pastor about a year and a half since. We had thought him a silent, small scholar, one endowed with little human sympathy, until this great affliction fell upon us. But we have learned now, to value his qualities at their heart, above even the scholarly attainments and the great mind which he possesses. Indeed, in the humble one of a country clergyman, would soon be lost to the world, and to fame. He is now our friend, as well as pastor. My mother clings to him almost as a son, and I see now, by the smile that lights up her aged father's face, that his visits he is approaching up the avenue which is concealed by grape-covered arbor, and the parlor window. I must hasten to welcome our honored guest.

A week later.

I little thought, dear Cecile, when I hastily laid down my pen to welcome Mr. Barlow, and to meet and welcome our expected guest, that so long a time would elapse before I should resume my task. But the letter is still in time for the steamer of Tuesday, so I hasten now to tell you the joy ful tidings that are filling my heart almost to bursting.

Cecile, I love and am loved! Do not smile contemptuously as I tell you this. But you will not, for you have also loved, and know that the heart might yet, some happiness, such as was yours during the happy years that your Alexander was spared to the bosom of your generous, is my gratitude to you. Ah, well-a-day! when I see the child contented, merrily, but surely, back to health. And my only happy days were those you were spent with you in the tiny chateau at N——, where Edouard played all day in the subsiding rooms, or raced in the dusty alleys and flowery bosquets of the wild garden, and grew strong and ruddy every day.

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ADELE MONTMORENCI.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I've done one good day's work, if I never do another," said Mr. Barlow, rubbing his hands together briskly, and with the air of a man who felt very much pleased with himself.

"And so have I," Mrs. Barlow's voice was in a lower tone, and less exultant, yet indicative of a very good deal with itself.

"Let us compare notes," said Mr. Barlow, in the confident manner of one who knows that triumph will be on his side, "and see which has done the best day's work."

"Yes, of course," returned the gentle-hearted wife.

"We shall see. Let the history of your day's doings precede mine."

"No," said Mrs. Barlow, "you shall give the first experience."

"Very well." And full of his subject, Mr. Barlow began:

"I considered it desperate—would have sold out my interest at thirty cents on the dollar when I left home this morning. Now the whole claim is secure. I had to release a little. It was sharp practice. But the thing is done. I don't believe that another cent will be forthcoming on the whole of his claim.

"That's quite operation," continued Mr. Barlow, "I consider quite as good. About a year ago I took fifty acres land in Bond's name, and his wife he as a valuation of five dollars an acre. I sold it to-day for ten. I don't think the man knew just what he was doing, for he got the money down, and I asked ten dollars an acre at a venture, when he promptly down one hundred dollars on behalf the bargain. If I should never see him again, I shall not be surprised. Remember the name—two. Number three is as pleasant to remember. I sold a lot of goods, almost a year out of date, to a country merchant, who was in a hurry, to take he has a bargain; and perhaps he has; but I would have to turn up at any time during the next six months at a loss of thirty per cent., and thought myself lucky to get off.

"Now, there is my good day's work, Jenny. Let me hear what you've been about. I take credit to myself for being, upon the whole, a pretty bright sort of a man, and bound to go through. Let us hear your story."

The face of Mrs. Barlow flushed slightly. Her husband noticed it, but the meaning of it escaped.

"Let us hear of the yards of stitching, and the number of pairs of gentlemen—"

"No—nothing of that," answered Mrs. Barlow, with a slight veil of feeling covering her pleasant face. "I've had another morning with my yards of having accomplished a good day's work. And now that I am ready for my part, my powers are out with yours. I think of declining their rehearsal."

"Oh, nonsense! Jenny, Jenny! Will Mr. Barlow. "Word keeping is a cardinal virtue. So let your day be told. You have done a good day's work, or you were over-estimating, for you said so. Come, I am all attention."

But Mrs. Barlow still hesitated. But, after a little more urging, she began her story of a good day's work. Her voice was a little subdued, and there was an evident shrinking from the subject about which she had undertaken to speak.

"I resolved last night," said she, "after passing some hours of self-examination and self-upbraiding, that I would, for once in my life, be generous and noble in patience. And this day has been the trial-day. Shall I go on?"

Mrs. Barlow looked up with a timid, half-bashful air that touched the heart of her most kin eyes, for he had turned them partly away.

"Yes, dear Jenny, go on." The husband's accompanied his words with a look of love that was something tender and pensive.

"Last night," she was unusually fretful this morning, as you will remember. He seemed perverse, and I could not, do what I would, be accepted to speak kindly two or three times; but, remembering my good resolution, I put on the armor of patience, and went about my work as if my voice that was not a loving tone. Dear, little fellow! I felt sorry for him when he went to bed fretful, just behind one of his ears, a small, inflamed blister. I had to be very careful with him during the whole of all day. Oh, wasn't I glad that patience had ruled me at last!

"After you went away to the store, Mary got into one of her perverse humors. She didn't want to do this, and wouldn't do that. Her mouth couldn't find her slate; and then her shoe pinched her. I will leave out the particulars of her trials, for my own resolution, I met her irritation with calmness, her fretfulness with gentle patient admonition, her stubborn temper with gentle rebuke; and, at last, succeeded. She kissed me, and started for school with a cheerful countenance, and I felt glad and thankful, and the pinching shoe unheeded. And so I had my reward.

"But my trials were not over. Some extra washing was needed. So I called Ellen, and told her what I would require of her. She took out a pair of drawers to be washed out, the baby some silips, and you were pocket-handkerchiefs. I must say my hand leaped from the girl's quick tongue, and indignation rose to my lips. But, suddenly, Ellen whispered a small, still voice. I stilled, with an effort, my feelings, restrained my speech, and controlled my hand, and answered her gently. As to all exterior signs, did I look into Ellen's face, and see that it was wet with the tears in her eyes.

"You must have forgotten yourself," said I, with some dignity of manner, but without a sign of irritation. She was humbled at once; confessed the wrong, and begged my pardon. I forgave her freely, and kissed her, and told her to go about her work undisturbed, and she went off with a light heart.

"Other trials I have had through the day. Some, I am sorry to say, were not met in the same manner, but the armor of patience was white when the sun went down. I was able to possess my soul in peace, and to feel that I had done a good and happier. This is my good day's work. It may be told first."

Mr. Barlow did not look up nor speak as the voice of his wife grew silent. She smiled almost a infinite for his response. Then he held forward, suddenly, and kissed her, saying, as he did so—

"Miss was work, yours a battle—mine success; yours conquest—mine only toil, yours heroism! Jenny, dear, mine, you have been talking, I have thought thus: My good work has called my gentle, while yours are without a stain, and while mine is full of self-gratulation, yours is humble sense of fought make me a better man. Your good day's work gives a two-fold blessing!"

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

TO KENNETH WARE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

A flash of your dark eye, stranger boy,
With a memory of its power,
Hath touched my soul, like a solemn joy
That can never be written or said.

Oh, burning spell of a smile that's gone
Into a star from the mortal sky!
Oh, gentle clasp of a night-dew,
Like a touch or a hope of Heav'n!

Oh, tender grace of a sweet young face
That but lives, and lives on,
Once ever, when the heavens bend place
Man and wife for drifting years!

Ye gather about my heart, and weep,
With a double cause of pain,
From the trembling chords of that broken thing,
A wild and a vanished strain.

For, priestly boy, in the years gone by,
A dream of your life was mine,
From the cradle's rest to the fabled eye
Of a proud knight of my own.

A shadow is on your heart and brain,
And your voice is heavy with tears,
And your brow is marked with the mark of pain—
A sign of the coming years.

But under the smile, and the bliss that,
On a luminous river slows,
There crouch to service of pain to bliss,
Forever and forever.

My beautiful one I pray not that,
The tears of whose glorious eyes
Are bearing weight to the starry coast
Of the river of crystal dew.

And I know when the shining purples fade
From the darkest twilight skies,
His steps are under the palm-trees' shade,
But the bliss of service lies.

THE HOTEL THIEF.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

BY STEPHEN CORE, JR.

A few evenings since a small party of us were assembled in a room, parlor, discussing the various topics of the day. We had run from "Jack Sheppard" till nothing more was to be said upon the subject, and then we turned our attention to the criminal cases detailed in the various daily newspapers. There were thefts, robberies, murders, arsons, and all sorts of and odd knightly deeds, and we gave them such consideration as we could afford.

"Speaking of thefts," remarked one of the party, "puts me in mind of a curious circumstance that once happened in my own house. I will relate it if you choose to hear it."

The speaker's name was Barton.—"Uncle Sim" we always called him. His brother's name was also Simeon. He was well advanced in years, and had been engaged in bookkeeping during most of his life. We were anxious to hear his story, and he related it as follows:—

"Something over twenty years ago I kept a hotel in the western part of this State. The location was a good one, for there was a line of stages, besides travel, but I had many good boarders.

"It was somewhere near the close of July, along towards evening, that a splendid carriage drew up at my door, and as the driver leaped from his seat, he asked one of my boarders to come and help him. The carriage was opened, and a young girl—a bright, pretty thing she was—sprang out and down to alight. After this the driver reached in, and with the assistance of my porter, handed out the oldest looking man for a traveler I had ever seen. He was tall and bent, and seemed more like a fifty skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood. The bones were all closely defined through the parchment-like skin, and I almost fancied I could see his frame rattle as he was helped along. A dry, short cough shook his system, and an occasional groan seemed to balance the cough. The school mate I had also conducted to a seat in the parlor, where I waited upon him as soon as the carriage had gone.

"I found him upon one of the sofas, breathing with difficulty, and quite exhausted. He informed me that he was a merchant of New York, and nearly gone with consumption. His physician had advised him to come to my place and spend the summer; and he had followed the advice, but it came too late, but with regard to spending the summer I was not so sure. He seemed sure to die shortly, and thus anything else. He told me that he should have no trouble with him, for he thought he could call him his grandson, and that his daughter had come to visit upon him. He gave his name as Oscar Layton, and I duly observed and got the initial Chas.

"I could not refuse him. He offered to pay me any price I might demand, and as I had room to spare, I determined to take him. So I had his apartments put in order, and as soon as it was ready we helped him up stairs. He went to bed at once, being faint and weak.

"On the following morning gentlemen came who introduced himself as Doctor Adams, a man of fine, intelligent looking sort, about fifty years of age, and possessed a peculiar faculty of winning confidence at once. I was not aware then that he was engaging with a sister only a few miles off, and should remain with the invalid until he died. Well, while we were conversing, Clara came in to announce the fact that her father wished to see him as soon as possible.

"In half an hour the doctor came down shocking his head.

"'Poor fellow!' he said, taking a seat by my side. 'He can't live long; he is very low and very weak this morning.'

"I didn't much like the idea of having a man die in my house, but 'twas too late to help it now.

"A week passed, and Mr. Layton seemed to be failing every day. He had grown so feeble that he could not sit up at all, and the physician came every morning, and sometimes in the evening. Clara was attending to her father's wants, and she fled sometimes she and I were watched by her father's bedside all night.

"One morning I received a letter from New York, from a lawyer who had stopped at my house, with his wife and daughter, a year before, in which the writer stated that his wife had lost property to the value of three thousand dollars, which she swore on her journey. She was sure she had it when she stopped at my house, and her only other stopping-place between there and home was with her own father. The lawyer closed his letter by asking me to look around carefully, and see if I could gain any clue to the property.

"That very evening Clara Layton came to me, and told me her father wished to see me. I went on at once, and found the invalid raised to a sitting position in his bed, with a pile of bolsters and pillows behind him. He looked far more like a dead man than like a living one. He asked me to sit down, and then made some remarks upon the state of his health. He said he thought he should get well—he knew he was very weak—much weaker than when he came—he could not even stand alone now—but still he hoped to recover. I saw Clara turn her head away, and I thought tears came to her eyes. Poor girl! she knew well enough that there was no recovery for her father.

"'But,' said Layton, at the end of a long pause, speaking in a hoarse, gurgling whisper, and with an expression of pain, 'I sent for you on strange business. Have you many boarders in your house of late?'

"I told him that the house was nearly full.

"'And are any of them strangers to you?'

"'Yes—nearly all of them,' I returned, puzzled at the question.

"'I do not wish to trouble you,' Layton resumed, 'for you have been very kind to me, and I know there is no fault with you. But but right I bet between ten and twelve hundred dollars I don't know exactly how much there was, but it was over a thousand. I had it in that little drawing-case, (pointing to a rose-wood box upon the table.) About midnight I sent Clara to bed, and then undertook to see if any one was prowling about the house. I heard a little creaking noise, (pointing to a door,) and I crept softly to it, and I felt sure I saw a man's face. My door was unlocked, and some one must have come in during the night and robbed me. But,' he added, as I began to express my alarm and sorrow, 'don't let my loss trouble you, for I shall not feel it, as well it all will go to the good relation of your house. I only mention it that you may be on the watch, for others, who cannot afford it, may meet with a similar loss if the thief is not detected.'

"As the invalid seemed exhausted by his efforts to speak, I asked him no more questions. He said no money he had lost was exactly in gold, only about two hundred dollars being in bank-notes. He described the bills as nearly as he could, and I then took my leave.

"I was in much doubt, sure enough. That there was a regular hotel-thief in the house was evident; but who could it be? Had I had a hundred and fifty people stopping with me, and of the whole lot I was not acquainted with over fourscore, I could not have known. However, I did the best I could. I put the clerk and chambermaids on the watch, and requested to keep an open eye myself.

"Just before supper was ready a party of boarders returned from a day's journey among the hills. They had taken teams and left immediately after breakfast. I was in the basement when they arrived, and two of them, who occupied the same room, came and whispered to me that they had been robbed during the forenoon. One of them had lost two hundred and ten dollars, and the other, a little more. I had not been taken from their pockets.

"But this was not the worst. When the cage came in from the west, it brought a New Orleans merchant, with his wife and two servants, who were on their way to New York. I gave them the only suite of rooms I had to spare, and then left my clerk to see them to their rooms, while I sought the merchant came to me with a look of deep trouble and anxiety. He had been robbed of four or five thousand dollars during the night!

"When the guests had all taken their seats at the table for breakfast, I was up stairs attending to the company, and found every person there who had been there on the night before. Not one was left on guilty looks, nor could I find a villainous looking face. At length I asked them to give me their attention, and I then informed them of the loss, and still I told them all that had happened. I told of the letter I had received from New York, of the loss of over ten hundred dollars by Mr. Layton; of the robbery of the two men from the hills; and of the heavy loss of the New Orleans merchant. I told them that I suspected no one. I looked upon each and every person in the house as honest. In consequence, I hoped they would all be willing to allow their baggage to be examined, and that the young man jumped up and said—

"'After me, gentlemen, and come to be examined, and I hope all will do the same.'

"And then he put it to vote, requesting all those who were in favor of the examination to rise. Every soul stood up in a moment. After the meal was done a committee was chosen from among the guests, and I went with them over the house. We first examined the persons of every one of the servants, and searched the trunks and boxes. But nothing of the stolen property was to be found. My own box had been stationed at the door, but it was not yet could leave, and thus we knew that all had been searched.

"I could do no more than open the premises. The New Orleans merchant, with his wife and family, resolved not to keep on to New York, but obtained from me a promise that I would leave no stone unturned to find his money.

"Two days after this, a plumber from Kinderby came to my house, and on the very first night of his stay his trunk was robbed of eight thousand dollars, while every person in the house was fast asleep at three o'clock! On the next day, when this became known, forty-seven of my best boarders left me in a body. They would say no longer than they were liable to lose everything, and, when, moreover, they were in constant danger of being suspected of crime.

"I began to grow desperate. There was a thief in my house, and a very expert and mysterious thief too—and I determined to find him if it lay within the bounds of human possibility. If I did not my patrons would all leave me, and my growing business would be ruined. That very afternoon the stage from Conway brought a wealthy family who were on their way to the Mississippi. I gave them the same room Mr. Layton had occupied, and then determined to keep a watch upon them through the night. I had nothing to say one of my purpose, but when the guests had all retired I took up my position where no one would be likely to see me, and so on. This she could do easily, as her window over the house would enable no suspicion. During the day she would manage to obtain the keys of those rooms in which wealthy guests lodged, and by them Luton would shape his impliments for picking the locks. At night, when her master thought it safe to work, she and he glided out and survey the premises to see that all was safe; and if she chanced to meet any one she had only to keep on down stairs, as though she were after something in the kitchen, and then prevent suspicion. When she had reported all quiet Luton would leave forth to his work.

"In the morning I had an officer called, and when Doctor Adams came in his appearance he was arrested. At first he was greatly surprised; then he grew angry, and swore, and finally became calm and quiet. I had learned from Clara that Adams carried the money of when Luton had obtained it. The doctor would not tell us where he stopped, but he place was easily hunted up, and there we found the property which had been stolen from my guests. It was in a small trunk which we found locked up in a larger one.

"That I was enabled to return to my customers every dollar they had lost, and as soon as the facts became known in the village, my house, both Luton and Adams were found to be old offenders, and upon search they were discovered to be attended to a term of imprisonment which seemed likely to outlive them. Clara died in prison several years, and then became the wife of my clerk; and she is now the honored and respected mother of the very hotel where she was taken a life of a wicked master was performed."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HAPPY BRIDEGROOM will know why the year 1900 will not be reached, inasmuch as 1900 is divisible by four? The rule is this: "Every year which is divisible by four, save centuries, and of centuries, but for purposes of convenience in computation, only two in four hundred years, viz., those of the old-new leaves are odd as extra day every fourth year." Hence, 1900 will be a common year, and February will have extra day every four years to automatically intercept, it being, in a small degree, an excess—and in the course of a hundred years the unnecessary increase to an amount which it would require a day to be dropped. Hence, in a hundred years the leap-year is omitted, for the purpose of preventing the accumulation of a day in every four years. The fourth common centuries of the leap-year is not omitted, as the excess before attained is also not in the course of a hundred years, but in the course of four hundred. Hence modern prefixes expect all round, every *four hundred* years, and not every *hundred* as leap-year. This is the case, I believe that only these centennial years which are divisible by four hundred. Accordingly, 1800 was not a leap year 100, 200 and 300 were not leap-years, but the year 400 was a leap-year. Consequently the next leap-year is the year 1500, the next 1600; and the next centennial leap-year will be the year 2000. Then 2100, 2200, 2300 will be common years, and 2400 will be leap-year. Then 2500 will be common years, and 2600 will be leap-year. Then 2700 will be common years, and 2800 will be leap-year. Then